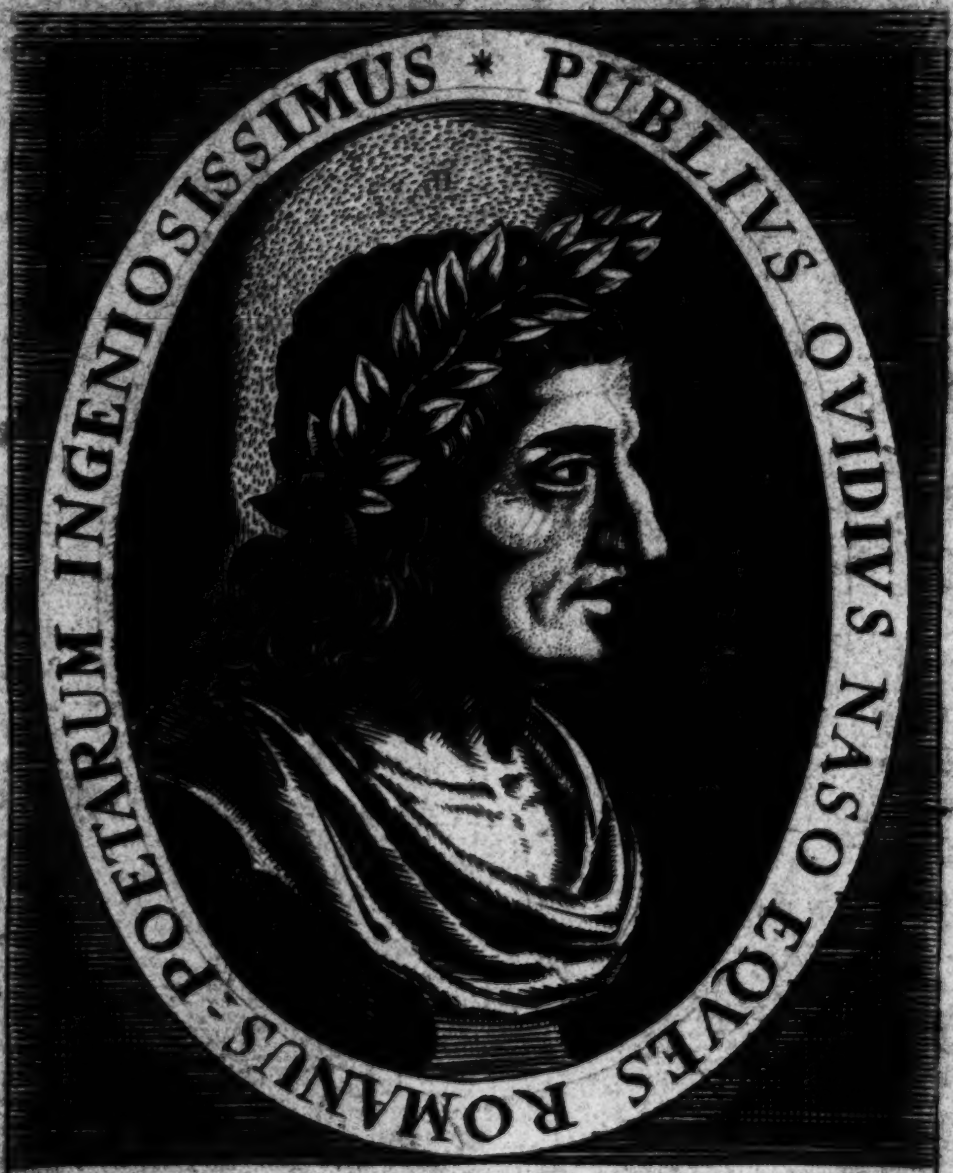
OVID'S HEROICALL EPISTLES.

Engliſhed by *W. S.*

Veniam pro laude peto.
——nunc mitibus
Mutare quæro Triſtia.

LONDON,
Printed by *I. D.* and are to be ſold by *Michael Sparke Iunior* in Greene Arbour. 1639.



The sweet-tongd Ovid's Counterfeit behold;
Which Noblest Romans wore in rings of gold
Or would you ye, which his owne pensil drew?
The Poët, in his deathless Poëms, view.

W. M. Sculpsit.

OVIDIVS NASO
OVIDS
HEROICALL
Epistles
Englished by W. S.
Veniam pro laude
peto
nunc mihi
Mutare quaero Tristia
Second Edython:

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——nunc mihi bas
Mutare quaro Tristia.

LONDON,
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Michael Sparke Iunior in Greene
Arbour. 1639.

TO THE VERTVOVS LADIES AND GENTLEWOMEN OF ENGLAND.

Your beauties (Ladies and Gentlewomen) are but types and ſhaddowes of the beautie of your vertuous minde, which is diſcerned by Noble and Courteous actions. I may therefore preſume that *Ovid's* Heroicall Epiſtles, chiefly tranſlated for your ſakes, ſhall find a gentle

de acceptance, ſutable to your Heroi-call diſpoſitions, for Curteſie and Inge-nuity are the companions of Gentili-ty. But thoſe who clayme this Title, and are degraded of it by their owne vicious qualities, *Ovid* diſclaymes them. Vertue is an inviſible gift, which is not diſcerned by the outward habit, but by ſpeech and action, and a certaine delectation in vertue, as Mo-deſtie, Temperance, and eſpecially Curteſie; to which *Ovid* doth appeale. For when *Rome* knew him famous he was eſteemed of Love and Ladies, ſo that hee was faine to ſhadow the ambitious love of the Emperour daughter towards him under the vayle of *Corynna*, but the Emperour ſaw through it, and baniſhed him. Beſides

theſe Epiſtles, in regard of their ſubject have juſt relation to you, Ladies and Gentlewomen, being the complaint of Ladies and Gentlewomen, for the abſence of their Lovers; And that their ſorrow may be more ſenſible, there is a Table prefixed, and adjoyning to the booke, preſenting the ſeverall Pictures of the Arguments of the Epiſtles. So much concerning the worke, and the Author *Ovid*, now you expect a complement for the Dedication.

Ladies and Gentlewomen, ſince this booke of *Ovids*, which moſt Gentlemen could reade before in Latine, is for your ſakes come forth in Engliſh, it doth at firſt addreſſe it ſelfe a Suiter, to wooe your acceptance, that it may kiſſe your hands, and afterward have the lines thereof in reading ſweetned by the odour of your breath, while the dead letters form'd into words by your divided lips, may receive new life by your paſſionate expreſſion, and the words marryed in that Ruby-coloured Temple, may thus happily united, multiply your contentment And in a word let this be,

A Servant with you to the *Lady* Vertue.

Wye Saltonſtall.

these Epistles, in regard of their subject have just relation to you, Ladies and Gentlewomen, being the complaint of Ladies and Gentlewomen, for the absence of their Lovers; And that their sorrow may be more sensible, there is a Table prefixed, and adjoyning to the booke, presenting the severall Pictures of the Arguments of the Epistles. So much concerning the worke, and the Author *Ovid*, now you expect a complement for the Dedication.

Ladies and Gentlewomen, since this booke of *Ovid*, which most Gentlemen could reade before in Latine, is for your sakes come forth in English, it doth at first addresse it selfe a Suiter, to wone your acceptance, that it may kiss your hands, and afterward have the lines thereof in reading sweetened by the odour of your breath, while the dead letters formed into words by your divided lips, may receive [illegible] by your passionate expression and the words inserted in that Ruby, coloured Temple may thus happily unite, [illegible] your contentment. And in a word let this be,

A Servant with you to the Lady Venus,

Ivye Suitor[illegible].

TO THE VERTVOVS LADIES AND GENTLEWOMEN OF GREAT BRITAINE.

OF all the Poets, that in verse did raigne
As Monarchs, none could equall Ovids straine,
Especially in the affaires of Love,
Ovid the Master of that Art did prove:
His fancies were so pleasing, and so sweet,
That Love did wish no other winding sheet,
If he had mortall beene, for he would dye
To live againe in his sweet Poesie.
When he intended to enflame the mind,
Or shew how Lovers proved too unkind,
As in these Epistles, where Ladies bemoane
Themselves, when their unkind lovers were gone,
He doth so mournfully expresse their passion,
In such a loving, and a lively fashion,

That

That reading them griefe will not let you speake,
Vntill impriſon'd teares from your eyes breake;
Such paſsions in his Letters doe appeare,
That every word will make you drop a teare.
But you faire Gentlewomen of this tle,
He would have you to glance one gentle ſmile
on his Epiſtles, ſtil'd Heroicall,
Becauſe by Lords and Ladies written all.
You know that Love is the Harts pleaſant tamer,
Whoſe motto is this, Omnia vincit Amor;
For he can with his lighted Torch enflame
Aſſoone the Lord and Lady, as the ſwaine.
If then you hope to be happy in Love,
If others ſorrowes may your pitty move,
If you the complaints of faire Ladies tender,
Which Engliſh doth for your contentment render
Vnto your view, let theſe Epiſtles here,
Enjoy your beauteous favour, ſhining cleare
On Ovid, below'd by th' Emperours daughter,
For which by Cæſar he was baniſht after;
Yet this his comfort was in Baniſhment,
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Let Engliſh Gentlewomen as kind appeare
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So wiſheth, *Wye Saltonſtall.*

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Carmen instar mille
blande laudantium.

In laudem Autheris carmen non deſit Amici:
Hoc opus Autherem laudat, hic Author opus.

This Author needs not owe any friend
for Verſes in his praiſe:
The Author doth his worke commend,
And his worke gives him Bayes.

x Dum 3. lib. Epigram 8.

Carmen inclusum.

Illunde laudent Deum.

Ps. Laudem celebrabo carmen non deest Domini:

Hoc opus celebrorum laudat, hic celebror opus.

OVID'S EPISTLES.

Lib. I.

The Argument of the first Epistle.

When the Grecians went with a great Army to *Troy*, to revenge

the rape of *Helena*. *Vlysses* the sonne of *Laertes* and *Anticlea*, tooke such delight in his young wife *Penelope*, that hee counterfeited himselfe mad, thereby to enjoy her, and absent himselfe from the warr. But *Palamedes* discovering his purpose, he was compelled to goe with the rest in the *Trojan* voyage. Where he fought many brave Combats, and after the destruction of *Troy*, which had beene ten yeares besieged, intending to returne to his owne Countrey, he tooke Ship with other Grecian Princes, but through *Minerva's* displeasure they were scattered and divided by such a violent Tempest, that *Vlysses* wandred ten yeares more before hee could attayne. So that his Wife *Penelope*, having lived chastly in his absence, and not knowing what hinderd his comming home, writes this Epistle unto him, wherein she perswades him by many reasons to returne to his owne Countrey.

Penelope to Vlysses.

MY deare *Vlysses*, thy *Penelope*
Doth send this Letter to complaine of thee,
Who dost so long from me unkindly stay,
Write nothing backe, but come thy selfe away.
For *Troy* now levell with the ground is layd,
Which was envy'd by every Grecian mayd;
Yet neither *Troy*, nor *Priams* wealth could be
Worth halfe so much as thy sweet company.
O! I could wish that *Paris* had beene drown'd,
When his Shippe was to *Lacedemon* bound.
Then had not I layn cold in bed alone,
Nor yet complain'd that time runnes slowly on;
Nor yet to passe away the Winters night
Had I sat spinning then by candle light,
Fore-casting in what dangers thou mightest be,
And such as were not like to trouble thee,
Thinking on perils more than ever were,
For love is alwaies full of carefull feare.
The *Trojans* now, thought I, doe thee assaile,
At *Hectors* name my cheekes with feare grew pale:
And when I heard *Antilochus* was slaine
By *Hector*, then my feares renew'd againe.

And hearing how that brave *Patroclus* clad
In *Vlysses* Armour such ill fortune had,
That *Hector* slew him in that false disguise,
The sad report drew teares out of mine eyes.
Or when I of *Tlepolemus* did heare,
Who with his bloud bedew'd *Sarpedons* speare,
Tlepolemus death doth then my cares renew,
And I began straight way to thinke of you.
And lastly if I heard abroad by fame,
That any of the Grecian side were slaine,
My heart for feare of thee was farre more cold
Than any Ice, when such bad newes was told.
But the just Gods to us more kind doe prove,
And more indulgent to our chaster love,
For stately *Troy* is unto ashes burn'd
But my *Vlysses* lives though not return'd.
The Grecian Captaines are come home againe,
The Altars doe with joyfull Incense flame;
And all the Barbarous spoyles which they did take,
Vnto our Countrey gods they consecrate.
The love of wives is to their husbands showne
By gifts which for their safe returning home,
Vnto the Gods with gratefull minds they bring,
While their Husbands songs of *Troy's* destruction sing,
Old men and trembling mayds doe both desire,
To heare the Tale of *Troy* which they admire,
And Wives do hearken with a kind of joy
To their Husbands talking of the siege of *Troy*.
And some now doe upon their Table draw
The Picture of those fierce warres which they saw:
And with a little wine before poured downe,
Can lively paint the moddell of *Troy* Towne.
Here *Simois* floud, here's the *Sigean* land,
And here did *Priams* lofty Palace stand.

Here did *Achilles* pitch his glittering tents
And here *Vlysses* kept his regiments.
Here in this place did valiant *Hector* fall,
Whose body was dragg'd round about the wall
Of *Troy*, to shew the enemies despight,
Putting the foaming Horses in a fright.
For whatsoever in those warres was done,
Old *Nestor* did relate unto thy sonne,
Whom I had sent forth to enquire of thee,
And he did bring home all this newes to mee:
Bringing me tydings how *Dolon* by name,
And *Rhesus* by the sword at once were slaine.
While the one of them in his dead sleepe was kill'd,
And the others bloud by treachery was spill'd:
And thou amongst thy other bold attempts
By night didst set upon the *Thracian* Tents.
Slaying so many men; how couldst thou bee
So adventerous if thou hadst rememberd mee?
And of thy other victories I did heare,
My heart did burne within my breast for feare.
But what although thy valour did confound
Troy; and did race the walls unto the ground?
Shall I, as if *Troy* were besieg'd, still be
A Widow wanting thy sweet company?
That *Troy* doth stand I only find alone,
Others rejoyce that it is overthrowne.
Whose fruitfull fields the conquering Grecians now
Doe with the *Trojan* Oxen daily plough.
For now ripe corne doth grow where *Troy* once stood,
And all the ground is fat with *Trojan* bloud.
The crooked plough doth graze as it goes by
Vpon mens bones, which there halfe buried lye;
So that they plough up bones as well as land,
And grasse doth grow where houses once did stand.

Yet having wasted *Troy*, thou keep'st away,
Nor doe I know what moveth thee to stay,
Nor can by any meanes learne in what part
Of all the world (thou most unkindest) art.
If any ship unto our shore doth come
Then to enquire of thee I straight doe runne:
And to the Ship-master a Letter give
To deliver unto thee if thou dost live:
Charging if that it be his chance to see
Vlysses, he should give it unto thee.
I sent to *Pylos*, where *Nestor* did raigne,
But I from *Pylos* heard no newes againe.
I sent unto the *Spartanes*, who could tell
No tydings of thee, or where thou didst dwell.
O would that *Troy* were standing now againe
For whose destruction I did pray in vaine!
If thou wert at the warres, I should know where
Thou wert, and of thy safety stand in feare.
And other women might with me complaine,
Because their Husbands came not home againe:
To grieved minds this may some comfort be,
To have companions in adversity.
I know not what to feare, yet all things feare;
My cares and sorrowes never greater were.
Thinking what dangers by Sea and land may
Enforce thee 'gainst thy will from me to stay.
While thus my fond affection doth excuse thee,
Perhaps thou in requitall dost abuse me.
For I doe feare thy fancy loves to rove,
And that thou hast some Sweet-heart thou dost love
In forraine Countries; nay, and it may be
That thou dost wooe her by disgracing me,
Telling her that thy Wife's a countrey loane,
That knoweth only how to spinne at home.

But of my hard beliefe I doe repent,
I hope thou art not willingly absent.
My Father *Icarius* would not have me stay
A widow still; but chideth my delay.
But let him chide, *Perelope* will be
A constant Wife, *Ulysses*, unto thee.
But though I doe by faire entreaty still
Prevaile so much, that I doe change his will
Or alter it, so that he's not enclin'd
To use a Fathers power to force my mind;
The *Dulichians*, and the *Samians* come to wooe me,
And the *Zacynthians* often come unto me;
And of forraine suiters such a wanton crue
Doe haunt me, that I know not what to doe.
Who in thy Palace doe most freely raigne,
Wasting those goods which thou before didst gaine.
Pisandrus, *Polybus*, and *Medon* too,
Eurimachus, and *Antinous* come to wooe
Me, and in thy absence doe consume and eate
That estate thou didst gaine by bloud and sweate.
Poore *Irus*, and *Melanthius* that doth feed
His shreepe, are suiters too, and hope to speed.
And all thy household here doth but consist
Of three that are too weake for to resist;
Namely *Laertes* who is spent and done,
Thy Wife, and young *Telemachus* thy Son:
Whom I had almost lost while that he went,
To the City *Pylos* without our consent
And when the fates our time of death assigne,
May his hand close up both thy eyes and mine.
Our Oxe-herd, Swine-herd, and our old Nurse, are
All of one mind and doe make the same prayer;
And how can old *Laertes* power restraine
Those wanton Suiters which at home doe raigne

Telemachus

Telemachus strength will grow more strong,
His Father now should keepe him from all wrong.
I have no strength to drive these Suiters hence,
Then come thou home, and be thy owne defence.
Thinke on thy Son to whom thou shouldst impart
Instruction, that may season his young heart.
Thinke on *Laertes*, come and close his eyes,
Who in his old age even bed-rid lyes.
And thinke on me, for when thou wentst from home,
Full young was I, but now an old Wife growne.

The Argument of the second Epistle.

Demophoon the Sonne of *Theseus* and *Phadra*, returning home from the Trojan warres, was driven by a Tempest into *Thrace*, where *Phyllis* the daughter of *Lycurgus* and *Crustumene*, being then Queene of *Thrace*, gave him curteous entertainment, both at boord and bed: but when he had stayd a while with her, as soone as he heard that *Mnestheus* was dead, who had expulst his Father *Theseus* out of the City of *Athens*, and assum'd the government to himselfe, he being desirous to regaine his kingdome, desired leave of *Phyllis* to goe [illegible] fect

settle his affaires, promising her within one moneth to returne againe, and so having made ready his Shippes, he sayles to *Athens*, and leaues there. Whereupon after foure moneths were past, *Phyllis* writes this Epistle, perswading him to be faithfull unto her, and to remember her kindnesse, and his owne promise, which if he neglects to doe, she threatens to kill her selfe, and so revenge the violation of her Maiden chastity.

PHYLLIS to DEMOPHOON.

Phyllis that did so kindly entertaine
Thee, ô *Demophoon*, must of thee complaine, (sound,
Before the Moones sharpe hornes were once growne
Thou didst promise to land on the *Thracian* ground:
But now foure Moones are chang'd, foure moneths are past,
And yet thy Ship is not return'd at last. (past,
If thou dost count the time, which we that are
In love doe strictly reckon with great care;
Thou having broke thy promise needs must say,
That my complaint comes not before the day.
My feares were slow, for we doe slowly give
Credence to those things we would not believe.
Which made me for thy sake even falsly faine,
That the North-wind drove backe thy sayles againe.
Sometimes I fear'd lest that in *Hebrus* sound
Thy ship might in those shallow waves be drown'd.
Oft I besought the gods for thy returne,
And on their Alrats did sweet Incense burne.
When the wind stood faire, I said unto my selfe,
Sure he will come now, if he be in health.
My faithfull Love was witty to invent
Something that might still hinder thy intent.
But yet thou staiest, nor can thy promise move
Thee to returne, nor yet our former love.
But I perceive, *Demophoon*, by thy stay
One wind did drive thy Ship, and faith away.

Thy Ship returnes not which makes me complaine,
That all thy faithlesse promises were vaine.
What have I done? Alasse I rashly lov'd thee!
And yet this fault to pitty might have mov'd thee,
I entertain'd thee, this was all my fault,
Yet this offence might have beene kindnesse thought.
Where is thy faith, thy hand which thou didst give me,
And oathes thou sworest to make me beleeve thee?
Swearing by *Hymen* that thou would'st not tarry,
But come againe and thy poore *Phyllis* marry.
And by the rugged Sea hast often swore,
Which thou both hast and wilt sayle often or'e:
And by *Neptune* thy great Vncle, who with ease
Can calme the raging of the angry Seas:
By *Iuno* who in mariages delights,
And by torch-bearing *Ceres* mystick rites,
Should all these Gods revenge thy perjuries,
Which are high treasons to their Majesties;
And should all punish thee with one consent,
Thou could'st not sure endure their punishment.
To rigge and mend thy Ships I care did take,
And in requitall thou didst me forsake,
I gave thee opportunity to runne
Away, 'tis I that have my selfe undone.
I did beleeve thy faire and gentle words
Of which the falsest heart most store affords,
And because thou didst come of a good descent,
I did beleeve thou hadst a good intent.
I did beleeve thy teares: and hadst thou taught
Thy teares to be as false as was thy thought?
O yes thy teares would flow with cunning Art,
When thou didst bid them to disguise thy heart.
Thy vowes and promises I did beleeve,
And any of those showes might me deceive.

Nor

Nor am I griev'd becauſe I entertain'd thee,
Such kindneſſe ſhew'd to thee could not have ſham'd me.
But I repent, becauſe to adde more height
Vnto thy entertainment, I one night
Did ſuffer thee to come into my Bed,
Where thou didſt rob me of my Mayden-head.
Would I had dy'd before that fatall night
Wherein I yeelded thee ſo much delight.
For if I had not thus my ſelfe betray'd,
Then *Phyllis* might have liv'd and dy'd a Mayd.
But I did hope that thou more conſtant wert,
"That hope is juſt which ſpringeth from deſert.
For I did know I had deſerv'd thy love,
Which made me hope, that thou would'ſt faithfull prove.
It is no glory to deceive a Mayd,
Since ſhe deſerveth pitty that's betray'd
By her kind heart, and hath too ſoone beleev'd,
For thus poore *Phyllis* was by thee deceiv'd.
And in ſtead of other praiſes may they ſay,
That this was he that did a Mayd betray.
When thy Statue ſhall be in the City plac'd
With thy Fathers, which is with high titles grac'd.
When they ſhall reade how valiant *Theſeus* ſlew
Thoſe cruell Theeves, and alſo did ſubdue
The *Minotaure*, and did the *Thebanes* tame,
And Centaures that by him were alſo ſlaine:
And laſtly when th'Inſcription ſhall relate
How he went to Hell and knockt at *Pluto's* gate:
This Title ſhall bee on thy ſtatue read,
"This man deceiv'd his love, and from her fled.
In this thy Father thou doſt imitate,
That he faire *Ariadne* did forſake:
What he alone excuſed as a ſin,
That act thou only do'ſt admire in him;

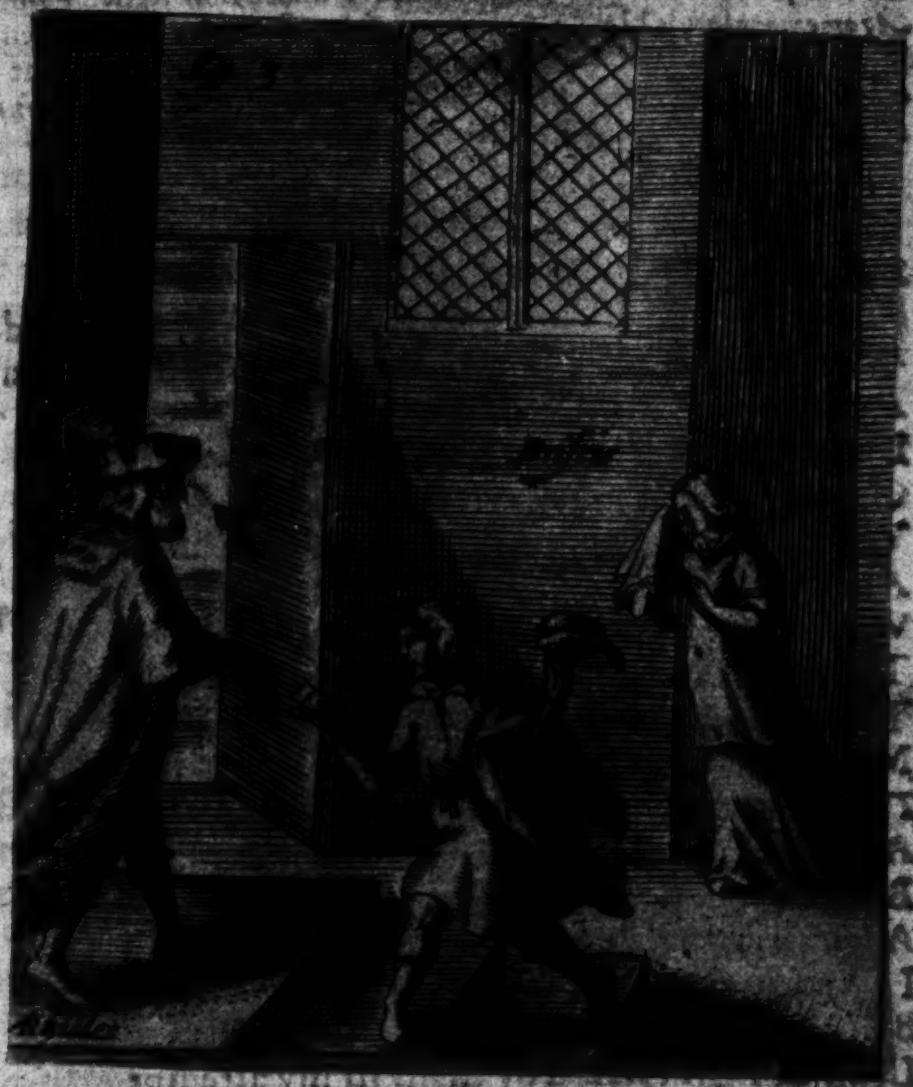
Shewing

Shewing thy selfe in this to be his son,
That thou like him, hast a young Mayd undone.
But she is happily to *Bacchus* married,
And in his Charriot drawne, with Tigers carried.
The *Thracians* doe my marriage bed contemne,
Because I lov'd a stranger more than them:
And some perhaps will say in my disgrace,
Let her goe to *Athens*, that most learned place;
Since she so kind hath to a stranger beene;
The warlike *Thracians* will have a new Queene.
The end doth prove the action, but yet may
He want successe, that thinketh so I say:
That measures actions not from the intent,
"But counts them good, that have a good event.
For if *Demophoon* would againe returne,
Then they would honour me, whom now they scorne.
"Vnfortunate actions doe our credit staine,
I am faulty, because thou do'st not come againe.
Me thinkes I see, how when thou left'st our Court,
Thy ship being ready to forsake our Port;
Thy loving armes about my neck were spred,
Making my lips with tedious kisses red.
I wept, and when thou saw'st those teares of mine,
Thou also wept'st, and mingled'st them with thine.
And then thou seemd'st, with a treacherous mind,
Sorry, because thou had'st so faire a wind.
And at the last, when thou must needs depart,
Thou said'st, farewell faire *Phyllis* my Sweet-heart.
For when one moneth is come unto an end,
Looke for *Demophoon* thy faithfull friend.
Why should I looke for thy returne in vaine,
Who had'st no purpose to returne againe?
Yet I'le looke for thy comming back how ever,
For it is better to come late, than never.

But I doe feare thou hast a new Sweet-heart,
One that doth alienate from me thy heart
That thou forgotten *Phyllis* do'st not know:
Wo's me, if *Phyllis* be forgotten so;
Who did *Demophoon* kindly entertaine,
When forc'd by stormes he to our Harbour came:
Whose necessities with treasure I supply'd,
And gave him many royall gifts beside.
My Kingdome unto thee I did submit,
Thinking a Woman could not governe it:
Even all those goodly Lands I offered thee,
'Twixt *Hæmus* and the shady *Rhodope*.
Besides, thou did'st my Virgin *Zone* untie;
And violate my chaste Virginity.
And at our mariage the fatall Owle
Did sing, while mad *Tisiphone* did howle:
Alecto with her snaky haire was there;
The Candles did like Funerall-lights appeare.
Oft sadly to some Rock I goe, whose height
May make me to see farre at sea out-right.
If it be day, or if the Starres doe shine,
I look still how the wind stands at that time.
If a farre off a ship I chance to see,
I straight doe hope that it thy ship may be.
And then in hast upon the sands I run
So farre, that I unto the Sea-waves come.
But when I have at length my errour found,
Amongst my Maydes I fall downe in a sound.
There is a hollow Bay bent like a Bowe,
Whose rockie sides into the sea farre goe;
To cast my selfe from hence is my intent,
Since to deceive me thou art falsly bent.
For when thou seest my body like a wrack
Cast on thy shoare, I know thou wilt looke back

On

On the sad sight, and though thy heart could be
More hard than Adamant, thou wilt pitty me.
Sometimes I could drinke poyson, or afford
To stab my tender breast with a sharpe sword,
Or put a halter 'bout my neck, which oft
Thou hast embraced with thy armes more soft.
For Ile revenge my losse of Chastity,
Though I am doubtfull yet what death to dye.
And to declare my death from thee did come,
These lines shall be engrav'd upon my Tombe.
Phyllis that did *Demophoon* entertaine,
Was by his unkindnesse, and her owne hand slaine.



The Argument of the third Epistle.

The Græcians being arrivid at Phrygia, began to take the Cities neere Troy, especially those opposite to the Ile Lesbos. *Achilles* the Sonne of *Peleus*, and *Theth*, invaded both the *Cilicians* with *Thebana*, and *Lyrnesia* besieged and tooke the Towne *Chyrnesius*, and brought away two faire Virgins, *Astynon* the Daughter of *Chrysis*, called afterward by their Fathers names *Chrysis*, he bestowes on Prince *Agamemnon*, but keepes *Brisis* to himselfe. But *Agamemnon* being commanded

manded by the Oracle to restore *Chryses* to her Father, tooke *Bri*[illegible] from *Achilles*: Who taking it as an indignity, absents himselfe fr[illegible] the warres: no entreaty can prevaile to make him fight against Tr[illegible] *Agamemnon* sends him *Briseis* againe with gifts, he sleights them bo[illegible] *Briseis* thereupon in this Epistle complaines of his two violent ange[illegible] entreats him to fight against the *Troians*, to accept *Agamemnons* offe[illegible] and receive her againe

BRISEIS *to* ACHILLES.

THis Letter *Briseis* unto thee doth send,
Which I perhaps in Greeke have rudely pend.
My teares did make those blots which thou dost (see
And yet these weeping blots may speake for me.
If a Captive may with modesty complaine
Of thee, my Lord, doe not my Suite disdaine.
Vnto *Agamemnon* thou didst me resigne,
And yet alas this was no fault of thine!
When that *Euribates* and *Talthybius* came
To fetch me, whom thou durst not then detaine;
They wondred that thou couldst so soone deliver
Me to the Kings use, if thou lov'dst me ever.
Thou mightst have seemed loath for to depart,
And have bestowd one kisse on thy Sweet-heart.
But yet I wept apace, my haire I tore,
As if I were a Captive made once more.
I often thought to steale away to thee,
But then I fear'd the *Trojan* enemy:
Least being surpriz'd by them in my attempt,
They should to *Priam's* daughters mee present.
But thou wilt say thou couldst not me detaine;
But yet thou mightst have fetcht me back againe.
Patroclus then did speake thus in my eare;
Why dost thou Weepe? thou shalt not stay long there.
Nay thou wilt not receive me now againe,
And much lesse fetch her, whom thou dost disdaine.

Ajax

Ajax and *Phenix* both did come to thee,
Thy friend and cozen by consanguinitie.
And *Vlysses*, who with gifts and prayers did wooe thee,
To receive thy *Briseis* when they brought me to thee;
And for a present twenty basons brought,
With seven three foot'd tables carv'd and wrought:
To these ten Talents of gold added were,
And twelve brave Steeds that were trayned up to warre:
And many Captive maids, who with one looke
Could take the Conquerours that had them tooke:
And a faire Virgin that thy wife might be;
But sure thou needst no other wife but me.
From *Agamemnon* wouldst thou me redeeme,
That to receive these gifts so nice dost seeme?
Achiller, how have I mov'd thy neglect?
Why dost thou now unkindly me reject?
" Or is it fortunes custome still to frowne
" On those, who by misfortune are cast downe?
I saw thee when thou didst *Lyrnesia* take,
And of thy *Briseis* didst a captive make.
I saw how many of my kinred were
Slaine by thy valiant hand, and did lye there:
Panting for life, till their fresh wounds had bled
So much, that all the earth was painted red.
Yet when I lost those friends, I got another;
Thou art my Lord, my Husband, and my Brother.
And by thy Mother Queene of the salt Flood
Thou swearest all should turne unto my good;
Binding thy selfe with promises, that I
Should be most happy in captivity.
But now both me, and those gifts which are sent thee,
Thou dost refuse, for neither can content thee.
And I heare, to morrow by the breake of day,
Thou meanest to take ship and saile away.

When I did heare the newes, my heart did faile;
And presently my bloudlesse cheeks grew pale.
But wilt thou goe from me my Deare, and leave me?
Vnto whose custody wilt thou then bequeath me?
May I be laid into the earths cold bed;
Or may the flaming thunder strike me dead;
Ere I behold the ship, cutting her way
Through the greene waves, while I am left to stay.
If thou intendest to returne againe,
Take me along, who no great burthen am;
I'le follow thee, and serve thee all my life
As a poore Captive, not as thy deare Wife.
I can inure my hands to labour hard;
And I can be content to spin or card.
One of the faireſt Maids that Greece ere bred
Shall be thy Wife, and warme thy nuptiall-bed.
My humble thoughts doe not ſo high aſpire,
To be thy ſervant is all I deſire.
I'le ſit and ſpin untill my taske be done,
And untill all my Flax to threed be ſpun.
Yet ſuffer not thy Wife, I pray, to chide me,
Becauſe I love theo, ſhe will not abide me.
And doe not ſuffer her to teare my haire;
Thinke how of *Briſeis* thou didſt once take care.
Nay, though thou ſuffer her my haire to teare,
Doe not deſpiſe me, this is all I feare.
What would'ſt thou have? *Agamemnon* doth repent;
And *Greece* for wronging thee is penitent.
Subdue thy ſelfe, and now let him that hath
Conquer'd ſo many, conquer his owne wrath.
Why doſt thou let the coward *Hector* waſt
And ſpoyle the Grecians? take thou armes at laſt.
Achilles take thy armes, but firſt me take;
Then cruſh thoſe fellowes, and force them to quake.

For

For my ſake thou wert angry and offended,
For me thy wrath began, in me let it be ended.
It's no diſgrace unto my ſuite to yeeld,
Oenides did goe unto the field
Perſwaded by his wife, though he layd by
His Armes, and to ayd his countrey did deny:
She did perſwade her valiant husband ſtraight,
But my words have, alas! no power, nor weight.
I dare not call my ſelfe thy wife, for I
Have lived with thee in Captivity.
Though my Lord hath oftencalled his hand-Mayd
Vnto his bed, and I have him obey'd.
I doe remember that a captive Mayd
Did call me Miſtreſſe, unto whom I ſayd,
Lay not the weight of ſcorne on miſery,
That Title ſuites not with Captivity.
For by my fathers aſhes I doe ſweare,
Of whom a reverend memory I beare;
By my three brothers ſoules, whoſe bloud was ſpill'd
For their Countrey, and in its defence were kill'd:
By my lips, and by thoſe ſoft lips of thine
Which we did oftentimes together joyne.
And by thy Sword I ſweare, ſince I went from thee,
That *Agamemnon* never lay with mee.
But for thy honeſty thou dar'ſt not ſweare,
If I ſhould put thee to thy oath, I feare.
The Græcians thinke with ſorrow thou art pin'd,
But thou haſt Muſick to refreſh thy mind;
While thy Sweet-heart doth claſpe thee in her armes,
Making her moiſtned kiſſes powerfull charmes
To ſtay thee there, which makes thee loth to fight;
Love and ſweet Muſick, yeeld thee more delight.
It is the ſafeſt courſe in bed being layd,
To ſport thy ſelfe with ſome young feareſull Mayd;

Or when with those joyes thou art tyr'd too much,
To give thy Thracian Lyre a gentle touch;
Then to hold a Buckler, or sharpe-pointed Speare,
Or on thy head a weighty Helmet weare:
Yet in brave actions thou didst once delight,
And to win glory onely thou wouldst fight.
Didst thou love warre till I was captive made?
And is thy Valour since that time decay'd?
The gods forbid, I hope to see thy Speare
Wound valiant *Hector*, who doth no man feare.
Let the Græcians send me to my Lord to plead,
Their cause with kisses, I can intercede
More powerfully than *Phœnix* or *Ulysses*,
There is a sweeter eloquence in kisses.
If I in circle thee within mine armes,
My close embraces are like powerfull charmes:
My naked breasts being in thy view layd open,
Will soone perswade thee, though no word be spoken,
If thou wert like the Sea, voyd of compassion,
My silent teares would move commiseration.
As thou desirest thy fathers length of dayes,
Or to see *Pyrrhus* crown'd with wreath's of Bayes.
Achilles take thy *Briseis* once againe;
Have pitty on that griefe which I sustaine.
If thy love be turn'd to hate, yet doe not flout mee,
Kill me outright, who cannot live without thee.
Nay, thou do'st kill me, for my strength doth fade,
My beauty and fresh colour is decay'd.
Yet I doe hope thou wilt thy *Briseis* take,
And this hope makes me live even for thy sake.
But if my hopes of thee doe faile, then I
To meet my Brother and Husband will dye.
Yet when others shall perchance read my sad story,
To kill a woman will yeeld thee no glory.

Yet let no other kill me, thy weapon can
Kill me assoone as any other man.
Let thy sword give me such a wound, that I
May bleed with pleasure, and so bleeding dye.
Let thy sword send me to *Elysian* rest,
Which might have wounded *Hectors* valiant brest.
But let me live if thou art pleased so,
Thy love doth aske what thou grant'st to thy foe.
And rather kill thy *Trojan* foes, than I;
Expresse thy valour on thy enemy.
And whether thou intendest to goe or stay,
Command me, as my Lord, to come away.

The Argument of the fourth Epistle.

Theseus the sonne of *Ægeus*, having slaine the Minotaure, brough
away by ship *Ariadne* daughter to *Minos* and *Pasiphae*, to whom h
helping him in killing the Minotaure, he had promised mariage, a
her sister *Phædra*. But admonished by *Bacchus*, he leaves *Ariadne*
the Ile *Naxos*, or *Chios*, and marries *Phædra*, who in *Theseus* absen
falls in love with her sonne in law *Hippolytus*, *Th. seus* sonne by *Hi*
polyte an *Amazon*. Hee being a Bachelour, and much addicted
husb

hunting, she having no opportunity to speake to him, discovers her love by this Epistle: therein cunningly wooing, and perswading him to love her, and lest it might seeme dishonestly in a mother to solicite her sonne in law, she begins with an Insinuation.

PHÆDRA TO HIPPOLYTVS.

Phædra unto *Hippolytus* sends health,
Which unlesse thou giv'st me, I must want my selfe.
Yet reade it, for a Letter cannot fright thee,
There may be something in it may delight thee:
For these dumbe Messengers sent out of hand,
Doe carry secrets both by Sea and Land.
The foe will reade a Letter, though it be
Sent to him from his utter enemy.
Thrice I began my mind to thee to breake,
Thrice I grew dumb, so that I could not speake.
There is a kind of modesty in love,
Which hindereth those that honest suites doe move.
And love hath given command that every lover,
Should write that which he blusheth to discover.
Then to contemne heavns power it is not safe,
Whosoever all the gods dominion hath.
'Tis dangerous to resist the power of love,
Who ruleth over all the gods above.
Love bid me write, I follow'd his direction,
Who told me that my letters should win affection.
O! since I love thee, may my love againe
Raise in thy breast another mutuall flame.
That love which hath beene a long time delay'd,
At last growes violent, and must be obey'd.
I feele a fire, a fire within my heart,
And the blind wound of love doth rage and smart.
As tender Heyfers cannot brooke the yoake,
Nor the wild Colt, that is not backt nor broake

Endure the bridle, so loves yoake I find
Is heavy to an unexperient'd mind.
When 'tis their Art, and they can easily doe it,
That from their youth have beene trayn'd up untoit.
She that hath let her time run on at waste,
Her love is violent, when she loves at last.
The forbidden fruits of love I keepe for thee,
In tasting them let us both guilty be.
It is some happinesse to pluck and cull
fruit from a tree, whose boughes with fruit are full;
Or from the bush to gather the first Rose,
I am the tree and bush where loves fruit growes:
Yet hitherto my fame was never blotted;
But for white chastity I have beene noted;
And I am glad that I my love have plac'd,
On one, by whom I cannot be disgrac'd.
Adultery in her is a base fact,
That with some base fellow doth commit the act.
But should *Juno* grant me her *Jupiter*,
In love I would *Hippolytus* prefetre.
And since I lov'd thee, I do now embrace
Those sports which thou do'st love; to hunt and chase
Wilde savage beasts, for I would gladly be,
A Huntresse to enjoy thy company.
And now like thee, no goddesse I doe know,
But chast *Diana* with her bended Bow.
I love the woods, and take delight to set
The toyles, and chase the Deere into the net.
And I doe take delight to hoope and hollow,
And cheere the dogs, while they the chase doe follow.
To cast a dart I now am cunning growne.
Sometimes upon the grasse I lye along.
Sometimes for pleasure I a Chariot drive,
Reyning the horse that with the bridle strive.

Some-

Sometimes like those mad *Bacchis* I doe runne,
Who pipe when they to the *Idean* hill doe come;
Or like those that have seene the horned fawnes,
And Dryads lightly tripping o'r the lawnes.
In such a frantick fit they say I am,
When love torments me with his raging flame.
And this same love of mine perhaps may be,
By fate entail'd upon our familie;
For it is given to us in love to fall;
And *Venus* takes a tribute of us all.
For first, great *Iupiter* did rarely gull
Europa with the false shape of a Bull.
My mother *Pasiphae* in a Cow of wood
The leaping of a lustfull Bull withstood.
My sister likewise to false *Theseus* gave
A clue of silke, and so his life did save,
Who through the winding labyrinth was led
By the direction of this slender thred.
And now like *Mino's* stock, even I
Love as the rest did in extremity.
It fortunes that our love thus crosse should be,
Thy father lov'd my Sister, I love thee.
Thus *Theseus* and *Hippolytus* his son
Through glory that their love hath overcome
Two sisters, but I would we had remain'd
At home, when we came to thy fathers land.
For then especially thy presence mov'd me,
And from that time I ever since have lov'd thee.
My eye convey'd unto my heart delight,
To like of thee, for thou wert cloth'd in white.
A flowrie garland did thy soft haire crowne,
And thy complexion was a lovely browne.
Which some for a sterne visage had mistooke;
But *Phedra* thought thou'dst had a manly looke.

For young men should not be like women dreſt,
A careleſſe dreſſing doth become them beſt.
Thy ſteraneſſe, and looſe flowing of thy haire,
And duſty countenance moſt graceſull were.
While thy carvetting Steed did bound and fling,
I'admir'd to ſee thee ride him in the ring.
If with thy ſtrong arme thou did'ſt toſſe the pike,
Thy nimble ſtrength I did approve and like.
Or, if thou took'ſt thy Javelin in thy hand;
Me thought thou did'ſt in comely poſture ſtand.
For all thy actions yeelded me delight,
And did appeare moſt graceſull in my ſight.
Of the woods wildneſſe doe not then partake,
Nor ſuffer me to periſh for thy ſake.
For why ſhould'ſt thou in hunting ſpend thy leaſure?
And not delight in *Venus* ſweeter pleaſure?
There's nothing can endure, without due reſt,
By which our wearied bodies are refreſht.
And thou might'ſt imitate thy *Diana's* bow,
Which if too often bended, weake will grow.
Cephalus was a wood-man of great fame,
And many wild beaſts by his hand were ſlaine:
Yet with *Aurora* he did fall in love,
Her bluſhing beauty did his fancy move,
While from her aged husbands bed ſhe roſe,
And wiſely to young *Cephalus* ſtraight goes.
Venus and young *Adonis* oft would lye
Together, on the graſſe moſt wantonly:
And underneath ſome tree in the hot weather
They would lye kiſſing in the ſhade together.
Atalanta did *Oeſides* fancie move,
And gave her wild beaſts ſkin to ſhew his love.
And therefore why may'ſt thou not fancy me,
Sith without love the woods unpleaſant be?

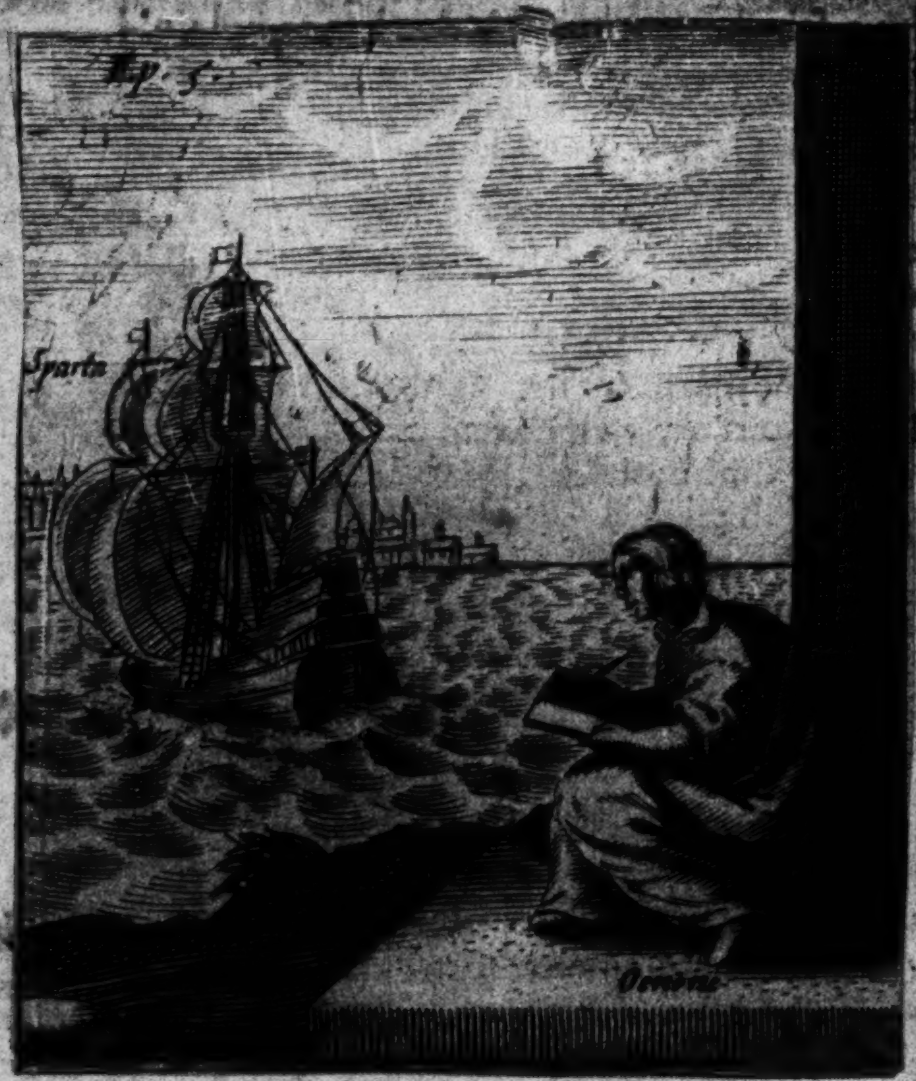
For I will follow thee o're the rocky cliffe,
And never feare the Boares sharpe fanged teeth,
Two seas the narrow *Isthmus* doe oppose,
The raging waves on both sides of it flowes.
Together thee and I will governe here,
The Kingdome, than my country farre more deare.
My husband *Theseus* hath long absent beene,
He's with his friend *Peritheus* it doth seeme.
Theseus (unlesse we will the truth deny)
Doth love *Peritheus* more then thee or I.
'Tis his unkindnesse that he stayes so long,
But he has done us both farre greater wrong.
With his great Club he did my brother slay
And left my sister to wilde beasts a prey.
Thy mother was a warlike Amazon
Deserving favour for thy sake her son.
Yet cruell *Theseus* kill'd her with his sword,
Who did to him so brave a son afford.
Nor would he marry her; for he did ayme
That as a bastard thou should'st never raigne:
And many Children he on me begot,
Whose untimely death not I, but he did plot.
Would I had dyed in labour, ere that I
Had wrong'd thee by a second Progeny.
Why should'st thou reverence thy fathers bed,
Which he doth shun, and now away is fled?
If a Mother be to love her son enclin'd;
Why should vaine names fright thy courageous mind?
Such strict precisenesse former times became,
When good old *Saturne* on the earth did reigne.
But *Saturn's* dead, his lawes are cancell'd now:
Jove rules, then follow what *Jove* doth allow.
For *Jove* all sort of pleasure doth permit,
Sisters may marry if they thinke it fit.

With

With their owne brothers, *Venus* bonds doth tye
The knot more close of consanguinitie.
Besides, who can our stollen joyes discover?
With a faire outside we our fault may colour:
If our embraces were discern'd by some,
They would say, That mother surely loves her son.
Thou need'st not come by night, no doores are barr'd
And shut on me, thy passage is not hard.
One house as it did once, may us containe,
Thou oft hast kist me, and shalt kisse againe.
Thou shalt be safe with me, nay, were thou seene
Within my bed, such faults have smother'd beene.
Then come with speed to ease my troubled mind,
And may love alwayes prove to thee more kind.
Thus I most humbly doe entreate and sue,
Pride and great words become not those that woe.
Thus I most humbly beg of thee alone,
Alas, my pride and my great words are gone:
To my desires long time I would not yeeld;
But yet at last affection wonne the field.
And like a Captive at thy royall feet
Thy Mother begs; *Love knowes not what is meet.*
Shame hath forsooke his Colours in my cheek
It is confest, yet grant that love I seek.
Though *Minos* be my Father, who keepes under
His power the Seas, and he that darteth thunder
Be my Grand-father; and he be a kin
To me, that hath his forehead circled in
With many a cleare-beame, a sharpe pointed ray,
And drives the purple Chariot of the day.
Love makes a servant of Nobility.
Then for my Ancestors even pitty me.
Nay *Creet*, *Joves* Iland, shall my Dowry be,
And all my Court (*Hippolytus*) shall serve thee.

My Mother softened a Buls stearne breast,
And wilt thou be more cruell than a beast?
For love-sake love me, who have thus complain'd,
So may'st thou love, and never be disdain'd.
So may the Queene of Forrests helpe thee still,
So may the Woods yeeld game for thee to kill.
May Fawns and Satyrs helpe thee every where,
So may'st thou wound the Boare with thy sharp Speare:
So may the Nymphs give thee water to slake
Thy burning thirst, though thou do Maidens hate.
Teares with my prayers I mingle, reade my prayers.
And imagine that you do behold my teares.

The



The Argument of the fifth Epistle.

Hermia Daughter to *Cissus*, and Wife to *Priam* being with ch
dreamt, that she was delivered of a flaming Fire-brand that se
Troy on fire: *Priam* troubled in mind consults with the Oracle, rec
answer, that his Sonne should be the destruction of his Country,
therefore as soone as hee was borne, commands his death. But
Mother *Hecuba* sends her Sonne *Paris* secretly to the Kings sh
heards. They keepe him, till being growne a Young-man, he sur

[illegible] Nymph *Oenone*, and married her. But when *Iuno*, *Pallas*, and *Venus* contended about the golden Apple, which had this inscription, DETVR PVLCHRIORI: *Let it be given to the fairest*, *Iupiter* made *Paris* their Iudge. To whom *Iuno* promised a Kingdome, *Pallas* Wisdome, *Venus* Pleasure, and the fairest of Women; but he gave sentence for *Venus*. Afterward being knowne by his Fat[illegible], and receiv'd into favour, he sayled to *Sparta*, whence hee tooke *Helen* Wife to *Menelaus*, and brought her to *Troy*. *Oenone* hearing thereof, complaines in this Epistle of his unfaithfulness; perswading him to send back *Helen* to *Greece*, and receive her againe.

OENONE to PARIS.

ANto my *Paris*, for though thou art not mine,
Thou art my *Paris*, because I am thine,
A Nymph doth send from the *Idæan* Hill
These following words, which do this paper fill.
Reade it, if that thy new Wife will permit,
My Letter is not in a strange hand writ.
Oenone, through the *Phrygean* Woods well knowne,
Complaines of wrong, that thou to her hast done.
What god hath us'd his power to crosse our love?
What fault of mine hath made thee faithlesse prove?
With deserv'd suffrings I could be content,
But not with undeserved punishment.
What I deserve, most patient I could beare,
But undeserv'd punishments heavie are.
Thou wert not then of such great dignity,
When a young Nymph did first marry thee:
Though now forsooth, thou *Priams* son art prov'd,
Thou wert a servant first, when first we lov'd:
And while our Sheepe did graze, we both have laid
Vnder some Tree together in the shade;
Whose boughs like a greene Canopie were spred,
While the soft grasse did yeeld us a greene bed:
And when the dew did fall, we often lay
In a poore Cottage, upon straw or hay.

I shewd

I shew'd thee both, what Lawnes and Forrests were
Likely to yeeld much store of game, and where
The wilde beasts did in secret caves abide,
And their young ones in the hollow Rocks did hide.
To see thy Toyles with thee I oft have gone,
After thy Hounds I o're the hils have run,
My name on every Beech-tree I do finde,
Thou hast engrav'd *Oenone* on their rinde.
And as the body of the tree doth, so
The letters of my name do greater grow.
Close by a River (I remember it)
These lines are on an *Alder* fairely writ;
And may the *Alder* flourish still and spread,
Because these lines may on the Bark be read;
When Paris *doth to* Oenone *false become,*
Xanthus *unto his Spring shall backward run.*
Xanthus run back, thy course now backward take,
For *Paris* doth his *Oenone* forsake.
That day did unto me most fatall prove;
That day began the winter of thy love,
When *Venus*, *Juno*, and faire *Pallas* came
Naked before thee, and did not disdaine
To chuse thee for their Iudge, when thou had'st told
The story to me, my faint heart grew cold,
Of the experienc'd I did counsell take,
They did resolve me, thou would'st me forsake.
For thou didst build new ships without delay,
And did'st send forth a Fleet to sea, straightway.
Yet thou didst weepe at thy departure hence;
Do not deny it, it was no offence:
For by my love thy credit is not stain'd,
But of loving *Helen* thou mayst be asham'd,
Thou wept'st, and also at that very time
Thou saw'st me weepe, my teares dropping with thine.

And as the Vine about the Palme doth winde,
So thy armes were about my neck entwinde.
When thou complain'st because the winds crosse were
The Sailers laught, because the wind stood fare.
Thou did'st kisse me off, when thou did'st depart,
And thou wert loth to say, Farewell, Sweet-heart.
At last, a gentle gale of wind did blow,
So that thy ship from land did slowly go.
I looking after thee, long time did stand
Weeping, and shedding teares on the drie sand.
And to the greene *Nereides* I did pray,
Thy voyage might be speedy without stay:
For me it was too speedy, since that I
Sustaine the losse of thy false love thereby.
To *Thessaly* my prayers have brought thee safe;
And for a Whore my prayer prevailed hath.
There is a Mountaine that to sea doth looke,
Which beating of the foaming waves can brooke.
From hence, when I beheld thy ship was comming,
Into the sea I presently was running:
But standing still, at length I might discerne
A purple flag, which waved on the sterne.
Then whether it were thy ship I did doubt,
Because such colours thou didst not put out.
But when thy ship to shoare did neerer stand,
And a faire gale did bring it close to land,
A womans face I straightway did behold,
Which made my hearts to tremble, and wax cold.
And while I stood doating there, I might espie
Thy Sweet-heart, that did on thy bosome lie.
O then I wept, my breast I strooke and beat,
And toare my cheekes, that with my teares were wet;
Filling the Mountaine *Ida* with my cries;
And there I did bewaile my miseries.

May *Helena* at last so weepe, so grieve,
When thou dost falsly her forsake and leave;
And may she that this wrong to me doth offer,
Be wrong'd in the like kinde, and like wrong suffer.
When thou wert poore, and ledd'st a Shepheards life,
None but *Oenone* was thy loving wife,
'Tis not thy wealth, nor state, that I admire;
Nor to be *Priams* daughter do I desire;
Yet *Priam*, nor his *Hecuba*, need disdaine
Me for their daughter, since I worthy am;
I am fit to be a Princesse, to command,
A royall Scepter would become my hand.
Despise me not, because that I with thee
Have laine under some shady Beechen-tree;
For I am fitter for thy royall bed,
When it with purple Quilts is covered.
Lastly, my Love is safest, since for me
No wars shall follow, nor no Fleet shall be
Sent forth; but if thou *Helena* doe take,
She shall by force of armes be fetched back.
Bloud is the portion which thou shalt obtaine,
If thou dost marry with this stately Dame.
Aske *Hector* and *Deiphobus*, if she
Should not unto the *Greekes* restored be:
Aske *Priam*, and *Antenor* wise and grave;
Who by their age much deepe experience have:
For to preferre a beautious rape, before
Thy Countrey must be bad and base all o're;
Since to defend a bad cause is a shame.
Her Husband shall just wars 'gainst thee maintaine.
Nor thinke that *Helena* faithfull will become,
Who was so quickly woo'd, so quickly won.
As *Menelaus* grieves, because that she
Hath with a stranger, by adulterie

Wrong'd

Wrong'd the chaste rites of his Nuptiall bed,
And let a stranger so adhorne his head:
So thou wilt then confesse, no Art, or cost,
Can purchase honesty, that once is lost.
She that is bad once, will in bad persever,
And being bad once, will be bad for ever.
As she loves thee, so she before did love
Menelaus, unto whom she false did prove.
Thou might'st have beene more faithfull unto me,
As thy Brother was to faire *Andromache*.
But thou art lighter than dry leaves, which be
By every wanton wind blowne off the tree:
Or like the waving corne, which every whiffe
Of wind doth bend, untill it grow more stiffe.
Thy Cozen once (for I remember't well)
With dishevell'd haire did thus my fate foretell:
What do'st thou *Oenone*? Why do'st thou sowe
The barren sands? Or why do'st thou thus goe
About to plough the shoare? it is in vaine;
Such fruitlesse tillage can yeeld thee no guine.
A Grecian Maide is comming, that shall be,
Fatall unto thy Country, and to thee
And may the ship be drown'd in the salt floud,
Whose sad drivall shall cost so much bloud.
When she had said thus, straight my flaxen haire
Began to heave, and stand upright for feare.
Alas, thou wert too true a Propheteſſe,
For she is come, and doth my place possesse!
Yet she is but a faire adultereſſe,
Who with a stranger's love was so soone tooke;
And for his sake, her Country hath forsooke.
Besides, one *Theseus* (though I know not whom)
Brought her out of her country long agone:
And canst thou thinke, an amorous Young-man
Would send her a pure Virgin back againe?

If thou would'st know how I these truths discry,
It is my love, love doth in all things pry.
If thou call'st her faule a rape, yet that name
May seeme to hide her fault, but not her shame.
Since she so often from her Country went,
'Twas not by violence, but by her consent.
Though by deceit thou me instructed hast,
Yet *Oenone* still remaineth chaste.
I hid me in the woods, while she wanton rout
Of nimble Satyrs sought to find me out:
And horned Fawnes, with wreaths of sharpe Pine crown'd,
Over the Mountaine *Ida* sought me round.
For great *Apollo* that protecteth *Troy*,
The spoiles of my virginity did enjoy,
By force against my will, for which disgrace
I teare my guiltlesse haire, and scratch my face.
Yet neither pretious stones could me intice,
Nor gold: for I set on my selfe no price.
Shee that hath wit, and ingenuitie,
Seemeth for gifts to sell virginity.
Apollo thought me worthy to impart
To me the skill of physick, and his Art:
The vertue of all Herbes he did reveale
To me, and shew'd what Herbes have power to heale.
Yet wo's me, that no powerfull Herb is found,
That can recure loves inward bleeding wound.
Since great *Apollo*, who did first invent
The art of Physick, yet for my sake went
And kept *Admetus* Oxen; for the flame
Of my love turn'd him to a Shepheard Swaine:
Though *Apolo's* art, nor Herbs, cannot relieve me;
Yet thou can'st help me, and some comfort give me.
Thou canst: O then have pitty on a Maid;
For me the Grecians shall not rhee invade.

As from my blooming yeares, and childish time
I have beene, so let me remaine still thine:

Ocnens.

The Argument of the sixth Epistle.

The Oracle had told *Pelias* the Sonne of *Neptune*, that he should be neare his death, when, as he was sacrificing to his Father, one should come to him with one foot naked, and bare. As he was performing his

his yearely Sacrifice, *Iason* Son to *Æson*, and his Nephew, having left one of his shooes sticking in the mud of the River *Anaurus*, hasting to the Sacrifice, meets with him one foot naked. *Pelias* remembring the Oracle, perswades *Iason* to goe to *Colchos*, to fetch the golden Fleece, hoping his destruction by the impossibility of the attempt. But courageous *Iason* willingly undertooke the voyage, and (so accompanied with many Grecian Nobles, he set forth in the Ship *Argo* from *Pegasus* a haven of *Thessaly* and sailed to the Isle *Lemnos*: where when the Women consented to kill all the Men on one night, *Hypsipyle* who had only preserved her Father *Thoas* alive, then reigned, and at board and bed kindly entertained *Iason*. But after two yeares, the time and importunity of his company urging him to proceed in his intended attempt, he leaves *Hypsipyle* with childe, and sayles to *Colchos*: where by *Medeas* Art having charmed the Dragon fast asleepe, and overcome the fierce Buls, hee brought away the golden Fleece, and *Medea*. *Hypsipyle* being grieved that *Medea* was preferred before her, in this Epistle gratulates *Iasons* returne, railes on *Medeas* cruelty and witchcraft, to make her contemptible: and lastly curses both *Iason* and *Medea*.

HYPSIPHYLE *to* IASON.

TO *Thessaly* thou art return'd againe,
Rich in the golden Fleece, which thou did'st gaine.
I am glad thou'rt well, yet it were better,
If I had heard of thy health by thy Letter.
It may be, that the wind did not stand faire,
That to my Kingdome thou could'st not repaire;
And yet, although contrary winds stood crosse,
To venture a Letter had beene no losse.
Hypsipyle had deserv'd thy salutations,
Sent in a Letter of kind commendations.
I heard not by thy Letters, but by fame,
That thou did'st *Mars* his sacred Oxen tame;
And how the Dragons teeth being sow'd, did bring
Forth armed men, which from the earth did spring,
In whose blood thou did'st not thy hand imbrew,
For those Sons of earth one another slew.

And from the watchfull Dragon, while he slept,
Thou took'st the golden Fleece which he had kept.
What sudden joy had I conceiv'd at it,
If thou this joyfull newes to me had'st writ!
Of thy unkindnesse why do I complaine?
I feare thou do'st my former love disdaine.
A barbarous Enchauntresse thou hast brought,
And her more worthy of thy love hast thought,
Love soone beleeves, yet I wish, I may be
Censur'd for rashnesse in accusing thee.
From *Thessaly* a stranger came of late,
And as soone as he was come to my gate,
I askt him how my *Jason* did, and staid
Looking downe on the ground, no answer made.
Straitway into a passion I did breake,
Tearing my garments, and thus I did speake:
Tell me if that my *Jason* live, that I,
If hee be dead, may follow him and die.
He lives, sayes he, and yet through loving feare
I scarce beleev'd him, though that he did sweare.
But when my doubtfull mind his words beleev'd,
I askt what valiant deeds thou had'st atchiev'd:
Then he related the whole story, how
Thou mad'st the brazen-hooved Oxen plough:
How from the Dragons teeth on the earth sow'd,
A harvest of brave armed Souldiers grow'd;
Which earth-sprung men did straight-way fall at jarre,
And slew each other in their civill warre:
And that thou kild'st the Dragon, when I heard
These deeds of thine; againe I grew affear'd.
Againe I asked him, if *Jason* live,
His words through feare, I hardly could beleeve.
Yet by the carriage of his speech I found,
That thy unkindnesse had given me a wound.

Where are thy promises? those mariage bands?
Which once did joyne our loving heare, and hands?
Or where is *Hymens* Torch that burnt so bright?
Fitter to have beene a sad Funerall light.
I was no Whore, *Juno* and *Hymen* too
At our glad Nuptials themselves did shew.
Not *Juno*, nor *Hymen*, when we did marry,
But *Eryunis* did the fatall Torches carry.
The *Thessalians* and *Minyans* strangers were
To me, and why did *Typhis* put in here
His Ship? Here is no wealthy Ram doth beare
A golden fleece upon his back, nor here
Doth old *Æete's* faire lofty palace stand,
This *Lemnos* is a little small Iland.
I had resolv'd (but fate did it withstand)
To drive thee from hence with a Feminine hand.
Though *Lemnian* women had their husbands kill'd,
I thought 'twas pitty thy blood should be spill'd.
Thy first sight in me such a liking bred,
That I entertained thee at boord and bed.
And thou two Summers with me stayd'st here,
And while two Winters also passed were.
And the third yeare, when thou didst take away,
With weeping teares unto me thou didst say,
Hypsipyle, though I am forc'd to go
And leave thee here, yet I would have thee know,
That till I doe returne againe, I'le be
Alwayes a faithfull Husband unto thee.
And may that progenie which is in thy wombe,
To make me a glad parent when I come;
Then downe thy face thy cunning teares did fall,
The rest for griefe thou could'st not speake at all;
Of all thy company thou went'st last of all
Aboord the ship which thou didst *Argo* call;

Away

Away it flies, when once the hollow saile,
Was driven forward with a lusty gale;
And while thy ship the blew wayes pasted o're,
I lookt unto the sea, thou to the shore.
And then unto my Turret I did goe,
While teares did downe my cheekes and bosome flow:
I looked through my teares, and they did seeme,
As if they watry perspectives had beene:
For thorow them me thought that I could view
Things farther off than I was wont to doe.
Then I made vowes, and I did chastly pray,
For thy returne, which vowes I now should pay.
But shall I pay vowes for *Medea's* good?
Love mixt with anger doth enrage my blood.
Because I have lost *Iason* that doth live,
Shall I Sacrifices on th' Altar give?
I must confesse I alwaies was afraid,
Least thou should'st marry some young Grecian Maid.
I fear'd the Grecian Maids, but thou hast brought
A barbarous Harlot, of whom I ne're thought.
Shee cannot please thee with her beauteous looke,
With her charmes and skill in herbs thou art tooke.
For from the Sphеare she can call downe the Moone,
And hide in clouds the Horses of the Sunne:
She can make Rivers stay their hasty course,
And make greene Woods and stones remove by force.
Vnto the graves with loosen'd haire she comes,
And out of the warme ashes gathers bones.
When she would bewitch another, she doth frame
In wax his picture, and t'increase his paine,
In the heart of it small needles doth stick,
Which maketh his owne hart to ake and prick.
And by her cursed charmes shee can force love,
Which beauty and faire vertue ought to move.

How

How canst thou then imbrace her with delight?
Or sleepe securely by her in the night?
But as she did with charmes the Dragon quell,
And Bulls, so she hath charm'd thee with a Spell.
Besides, of glory she will have a share,
Out of those deeds by thee performed were.
And some of *Pelius* side will thinke each deed
Of thine, did from the force of charmes proceed;
And that though *Jason* sailed unto Greece,
Medea brought away the golden Fleece.
Thy Father and thy Mother both are wroth,
That thou should'st bring a wife out of the North.
A husband for her may at home be found,
Or else where *Tanais* doth *Scythia* bound.
But *Iason* is more fickle than the wind,
And in his words no constancy I find.
As thou went'st forth, why didst not come againe?
Comming and going I thy wife remaine.
If Nobility of birth can thee content,
King *Thoas* is my father by descent.
Bacchus my Vncle is, whose wives crowne shines;
With starres enlightning all the lesser signes.
And fruitfull *Lemnos* shall my Dowry be,
Which thou might'st have, if that thou would'st have me.
Iason for my delivery may be glad
Of that sweet burthen which by him I had:
For *Lucina* unto me so kind hath beene,
That I two children unto thee did bring.
They are most like to thee in outward show,
Yet they their fathers falshood doe not know.
These young Embassadours I to thee had sent,
But their step-mother hindered my intent;
I feared fierce *Medea*, whose hands be
Ready to act all kind of villany.

She that her brothers limbes could piece-meale teare,
Would she have pitty on my children deare?
And yet her charmes have madly blinded thee,
To preferre her before *Hypsipbile*.
She was an adulteresse when first she knew thee;
I by chaste mariage was given to thee.
She betray'd her father, I sav'd mine from death,
She forsooke *Colchos*, but me *Lemnos* hath.
And though her dowry be her wickednesse,
From me she got my Husband neretheleſſe.
Iason, I blame the *Lemnian* womens act,
Yet wronged sorrow thrust us on each fact.
Tell me, suppose crosse winds by chance had droven
Thee, and thy company into my Haven,
If with my children I had come to meet thee,
With curses might not I most justly greet thee?
How could'st thou looke upon thy babes or me?
What death deserv'st thou for thy treachery?
To preserve thee it had my mercy beene,
And sure I had, though thou unworthy seeme.
And with the Harlots bloud I would not faile,
To fill my cheeks, which her charmes have made pale,
Medea to *Medea* I would be,
And furiously revenge my injury.
If great *Iupiter* will my prayer receive,
Like to *Hypsipbyle*, so may she grieve.
And since she like a Succubus me wrongs,
May she know what unto my griefe belongs.
And as I am of my husband bereaft,
May she be a widow with two children left;
As to her brother, and her father she
Was cruell, may she to her husband be.
And may she wander, o're Earth, Sea, and Aire
A hated murdresse, hopelesse, poore, and bare.

Having

Having lost my Husband thus I pray beside,
May he live accursed with his wicked Bride.

The Argument of the seventh Epistle.

After the destruction of *Troy*, *Æneas* the Sonne of *Anchises* and *Venus*, taking his *Penates* or houshold goods with him, goes to sea with twenty ships. Through tempestuous weather at sea, he is driven to *Lybia*, where *Dido* (as *Virgill* hath fained) Daughter to *Belus*, and wife

wife to *Sychaus Hercules Priest*, leaving *Tyre* for the cruell avarice of her brother *Pigmalion*, who had unawares killed her Husband for his wealth, and built the new City *Carthage*: She most magnificently entertained *Æneas* and his Companions, loved him, and enjoyed him: but when *Mercury* admonisht him to depart for *Italy*, which Country the Oracle had promised him: *Dido*, having in vaine endeavoured, by intreaty to divert him from his purpose, and stay his journey, being sicke to death, writes unto him, accusing him as the cause of her death.

DIDO to ÆNEAS.

AS the Swan by *Meanders* fords doth lye,
In the moist weeds, and sings before she dye;
So I, not hoping to perswade thy stay,
Since one that will not heare me, I doe pray,
Having lost my credit and virginity;
To lose a few words a small losse will be;
For thy poore *Dido* thou mean'st to forsake,
And unto sea wilt a new voyage make.
Æneas thou wilt needs depart from me,
To find strange Kingdomes out in *Italy*.
Thou car'st not for new *Carthage*, or my Land,
Whose Scepter I have given into thy hand.
Thou shun'st my countrey, which might be thy owne,
And seek'st a countrey unto thee unknowne.
Which if thou findest out, thou canst not gaine;
For who will suffer a stranger to raigne?
Thou seekest another *Dido*, whom in love
Thou may'st deceive, and false unto her prove;
Or when like unto *Carthage* canst thou build
A Citie, that doth store of people yeeld?
If all things happen to thee prosperously,
Where wilt thou find so kind a wife as I?
Like a wax taper I burne with desire,
Or like sweet incense in the funerall fire;

And

And still I wish, *Æneas* would but stay,
Æneas I doe thinke on night and day.
He carelesse of my love, and gifts doth seeme,
Had I beene wise I had not car'd for him.
Yet I cannot hate *Æneas*, although hee
Doth plot some unkind dealing against me.
Of thy unfaithfulnesse I doe complaine,
Having complain'd, I love the more againe.
Spare me ô *Venus*, since thou art his mother,
Helpe me, ô *Cupid*, since thou art his brother.
Soften his heart, that he may milder prove,
And be a Souldier in the tents of love.
And since to love him I thinke it no shame,
O may he love me with a mutuall flame!
Thou art some false *Æneas* I doe find,
Thou do'st not beare thy mothers gentle mind.
Stones, Rocks, and Oakes are hard, like to thy brest
More mercilesse than any salvage beast,
Or than the Seas, which winds doe now incense,
Yet with contrary winds thou wouldest goe hence.
Winter to stay thy journey hence assayes,
Looke how the Easterne wind the waves doth raise.
Then to the wind let me beholding be,
Though for thy stay I had rather owe to thee.
But I see rugged Seas, and blustring wind
More just and gentle are, than thy false mind.
To untimely death I would not have thee come,
(Although deserv'd) while thou from me dost run.
Is thy life so cheape, or hatred such at most?
That thou wilt leave me, though thy life it cost?
The winds, and waves, their fury will appease,
When *Triton* drives his blew steeds or'e the Seas.
Would thy affections would change with the wind!
They will, if thou bear'st not a cruell mind.

Had'st

Had'st thou not knowne the Sea, what would'st thou doe?
Since having try'd it, thou wilt trust it too.
Though to weigh Anchor the smooth Sea perswade thee,
Yet in the Ocean dangers may invade thee.
The Sea doth favour no unfaithfull men,
But for unfaithfulnesse doth punish them.
Specially such as doe their Sweet hearts wrong,
Since naked *Venus* from the green Sea sprung.
I take care for him, that would me forsake,
And am afraid the Sea should thee shipwracke.
Live, for bad fame is worse than death can be,
When the world shall say that thou hast kill'd me.
Suppose a storme at Sea should thee affright?
Would not thy courage then begin to quaile?
Thy false oathes then would come into my mind,
And *Dido* whom thou kill'dst by being unkind.
My bloudy shape would hideously appeare
Before thy eyes, with loose long-spreading haire
Then thou would'st say, this thundring storme is sent
Justly, for my deserved punishment.
Vntill thou may'st goe safely, doe but stay,
It would comfort me, if thou would'st delay
Thy voyage; spare *Ascanius* thy son,
Though I by thee to untimely death doe come.
What have *Ascanius*, or those gods defery'd
Drowning? which were by thee from fire preserv'd.
But though thou brag'st to me; yet I doe feare,
Thy gods and father thou did'st never beare
Vpon thy shoulders, through the flaming fire,
But I am jealous that thou wer't a lyar?
For I am not the first, whom thou did'st wrong,
Or first deceive with thy allluring tongue.
Ascanius mother too by thee was left,
And thy unkindnesse her of life bereft.

The

Thou told'st me so much, which I now believe,
And the sad story made my heart to grieve;
And that the gods doe hate thee it appeares,
Who hast wandered by Sea and Land seven yeares,
Droven by stormes, I did thee entertaine,
And gave thee all, ere I scarce knew thy name.
And would that I had onely beene content
To have entertain'd thee, and no farther went.
For I should happy be if Fame would dye,
And never tell how I with thee did lye.
That day was fatall, when a showre us drave
To meet together in a silent Cave.
Me thought I heard the Nymphs begin to howle,
The furies at that present time did scowle.
Now thou do'st punish me for *Sychaus* sake,
To whom my fauth I then did violate.
And sure my ghost will even blush for shame,
When after death we two doe meet againe.
Sycheus Statue in a sacred place
Stands cover'd with leaves, and a wollen case;
From whence me thought a hollow voyce did say,
And foure times call, *Elisa* come away.
I come, and yet the fault that I have done
Is the cause that I am so slow to come.
Pardon me, since that no base fellow wrought
My ruine, and this may excuse my fault.
Since he from *Venus* and *Anchises* came,
I hoped that he faithfull would remaine.
And though I err'd, I had a good intent,
Of his fairhood, not my error I repent.
But as at first, so now at last I find,
That fortune still doth prove to me unkind,
My brother at the sacred Altar kill'd,
My husband, and his blood for wealth he spill'd;

And after like a banished creature I
From my owne countrey was enforc'd to flye.
Scaping my brother, strangers here receiv'd me,
And bought this land which I would have giv'd thee.
And built this City, compassing it with all,
Even round about with a defensive wall.
Then sudden warres did me straitway invade,
Before that I the City gates had made.
And many suiters did of me approve,
Who all did come to woo, and win my love.
Now to *Hesthas* I yeeld me up at leasure,
Since thou hast obtain'd of me thy owne pleasure.
My brother in my blood desires to staine
His hand, by whom my husband first was slaine.
Æneas doe not thou presume to touch
The Altars of those gods, who would too much
By thy presumptuous prayers be profan'd,
Lift not unto the gods an impure hand.
For if to worship them thou should'st aspire,
They would be sorry that they scap'd the fire.
And that I am with Child too it may be,
And that the fruits of love now grow in me.
And as thou hast the mother first undone,
So to untimely death my babe shall come.
So that *Ascanius* his unborne brother
Shall dye, like an unripe fruit in his mother.
But *Mercury* for staying here hath chid thee,
I would he had from comming too forbid thee.
And I doe wish the *Trojans* had ne're found,
Nor landed on the *Carthaginian* ground.
Tost with contrary winds, thou hast long time
Sought that land which *Apollo* did assigne.
To returne to *Troy* thou would'st not take such paine
If *Hector* liv'd, and *Troy* did stand againe.

Thou seek'st not *Simoeis*, but swift *Tybris* River,
And shalt be a stranger when thou commest thither;
Which thou shalt not discover, not behold,
Vntill perhaps thou art in yeares growne old.
But rather take this Kingdome, and the wealth,
Of *Pigmalion*, as a dowry to my selfe.
Let ancient *Troy* in *Carthage* now remaine,
Take thou the royall Scepter, and here raigne.
If thou, or else thy young sonne *Iulus* are
Desirous, to get honour by the warre;
Here thou shalt find a foe to overcome,
For sometimes the red colours, and the drum
Doe banish peace, therefore I intreate of thee,
As thou lov'st thy countrey gods, and company;
Spare me; I beg it by thy brothers darts,
Young *Cupid*, that doth wound all mortall hearts.
So may thy Trojans still victorious be,
And *Troys* destruction end thy misery.
So may *Ascanius* in his youth be blest,
So may *Anchises* bones still softly rest.
Though I offer thee my selfe, do not reject me;
What is my fault, but that I doe affect thee?
I am not come of the *Mycenian* bloud,
By friends, or father thou art not withstood.
Or if to call me wife thou do'st disdaine,
Call me thy Hostesse, I will take that name.
Or with any other name thou shalt assigne,
I am content, so *Dido* may be thine.
I know the Seas, that beate the Affrick shoare,
At certaine seasons may be passed or'e.
When the wind stands faire, thou wilt saile away,
Now thy ships in the weedy haven stay
The time of thy departure let me know,
Ile not stay thee, if thou desir'st to goe.

But yet thy company desire some rest,
To rig, and trim thy torne ships were best.
O! if I have deserved any way
Of thee, I beg of thee a while to stay:
Vntill the Sea grow calme, and till my love
By use of time more temperate doe prove.
That I may learne, by length of time to be
Valiant, in suffering of adversity.
If not, to kill my selfe is my intent,
If to be cruell to me thou art bent.
For I doe wish, thou could'st behold or see,
In what sad posture I doe write to thee.
One hand to write unto thee doth afford,
The other hand doth hold thy *Trojan* sword.
And downe my cheekes the trickling teares doe slide
On the sword, which shall with my bloud be dy'd.
It was thy fatall gift, and it may be
To send me to my grave, thou gav'st it me.
And though this first doe wound my outward part,
Yet cruell love long since did wound my heart.
O sister *Anna*, thou that counsell'dst me
To yeeld to love, shalt now my funerall see.
On th'urne, to which my ashes they commit,
Elisa wife to *Sichæus* shall be writ.
And these two verses shall engraven be
Vpon the marble that doth cover me.
Æneas did to me my death afford,
For *Dido* kill'd her selfe with his owne sword.

The Argument of the eighth Epistle.

Hermione the daughter of *Menelaus* and *Helena*, was by *Tyndarus* her Grandfather by the mothers side, to whom *Menelaus* had committ the government of his house, while he went to *Troy*, betrothed to *Orestes*, the sonne of *Agamemnon* and *Clytemnestra*. Her father *Menelaus* not knowing thereof, had betroathed her to *Pyrrhus*, the sonne of *Achilles*, who at last returning from the *Troians* warres,

stole

stole away *Hermione*, But she hating *Pyrrhus*, and loving *Oreſtes*, admoniſhes him by this Letter, that ſhee might bee eaſily taken from *Pyrrhus*; and ſhee obtained her deſire. For *Oreſtes* being freed from his madneſſe, for murdering *Egiſthus* and his mother, here ſlew *Pyrrhus* in *Apollo's* Temple, and tooke her againe.

HERMIONE *to* ORESTES.

HErmione writes to him that was of late
Her husband, now anothers wife by fate.
Pyrrhus, *Achilles* ſtout ſonne takes delight
To keepe me from thee, againſt law and right.
I did ſtrive with him, but my force did faile,
A womans ſtrength could not 'gainſt him prevaile.
Pyrrhus, quoth I, what do'ſt thou doe? ere long,
My Lord on thee will ſure revenge this wrong.
But of *Oreſtes* name he would not heare,
But dragg'd me home even by my looſen'd haire.
Should the barbarous foe *Lacedemon* take,
He could but thus of me a captive make,
And conquering *Greece* us'd not *Andromache*,
When they ſet fire on *Troy*, as he us'd me.
But *Oreſtes* if thou'rt toucht with this deſpite,
Then fetch me back againe, I am thy right.
To fetch thy ſtollen cattell thou wilt goe,
Why then to fetch thy wife art thou ſo ſlowe?
By thy father why do'ſt not example take?
Who by a juſt warre did his wife fetch back.
Had he led in his Court an idle life;
Thy mother then had beene young *Paris* wife.
If thou doe come, thou need'ſt not to provide
A fleete, or ſtore of Souldiers beſide;
Yet ſo I might be fetched back againe,
A husband for his wife may warre maintaine.

And *Atreus* was Vncle unto either,
So that thou art my husband and my brother.
O husband then, and brother, helpe thou me,
For these two names implore some helpe of thee.
My grandfather *Tyndarus*, grave in his life,
Deliver'd me unto thee as thy wife.
My father unto *Pyrrhus* promis'd me,
But my grandfather should dispose of me.
When I marry'd thee, I did to none belong,
If *Pyrrhus* marry me, he doth thee wrong.
My father will let us love, and enjoy,
For he was wounded by the winged boy;
And will permit us to love one another,
In the like sort as he did love my mother.
As he my mothers husband was, thou art
My husband, *Pyrrhus* playeth *Paris* part.
Though he boast deeds were by his father done,
Thy father by his actions fame hath wonne.
Achilles did for a common Souldier stand,
But *Agamemnon* Captaines did command.
Pelops, and his father thy Ancestors were,
Thou art but five descents from *Iupiter*.
Nor did'st thou courage want, though thou did'st kill
Thy father, and his pretious bloud did'st spill.
Would thy valour had beene happilier employ'd,
Though he were unwillingly by thee destroy'd.
For thou *Egisthus* kill'dst unluckily,
And did'st fulfill thy hapless fate thereby.
When *Achilles* urgeth this one fault of thine,
And before me doth make it a great crime;
My blushing colour, and my heart doth rise,
And my old love revives, and glowing lyes
Within my breast if that *Orestes* be
By any one accus'd to *Hermione*.

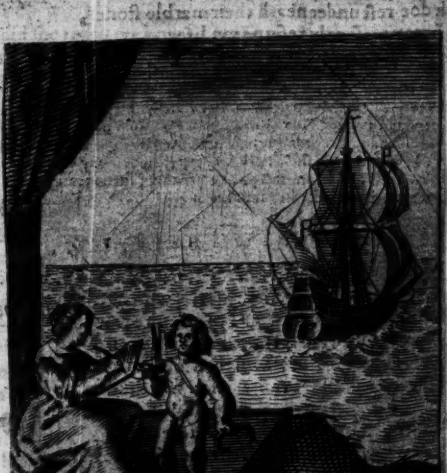
For

For then I have no ſtrength in any part,
Asif a ſword were thruſt into my heart.
I weepe, and then my teares my anger ſhow,
Which like two Rivers downe my boſome flow.
Plenty of teares I onely have, which riſe,
Wetting my cheekes from the ſprings of my eyes.
And this ſad fate, which happens unto me,
Hath beene the fortune of our family.
I need not tell how *Jupiter* became,
To deceive us, a faire and milke-white Swan.
How *Hippodamia* in a ſtrangers Chariot,
Over the *Helleſpont* was ſwiftly carried.
My mother *Helen*, in *Paris* tooke delight,
For whom the *Grecians* ten whole yeares did fight.
My Grandfather, my Siſter, and each brother
Began to weepe, for the loſſe of my mother,
And *Leda* did her earneſt prayers prefer
Vnto the gods, and to her *Iupiter*.
While I did teare my haire, and to her cry'd,
Mother, muſt I without you here abide?
And leſt that I ſhould not be thought to be
Of *Peleus* moſt unhappy progeny;
My mother being with *Paris* gone away,
I unto *Pyrrhus* was ſoone made a prey.
If *Achilles* had eſcap'd *Apollo*'s bow,
He would have then condemn'd his ſon, I know.
He knew by *Briſeis* loſſe, which he could not brooke,
That from their husbands wives ſhould not bee tooke.
Why are the gods thus cruell unto me?
What ſad ſtarre rul'd at my Nativity?
For in my younger yeares I was bereft
Of my mother, and was of my father left,
Who went unto the wars, yet ne'retheleſſe
Although they liv'd, yet I was Parentleſſe.

Nor could delight my mother, as you see
Children will doe, with stammering flattery.
Not round about her neck my weake armes clap,
While she would fondly set me on her lap.
Nor did she teach me how to dresse my head,
Nor did she bring me to my marriage bed,
For when she did returne (truth I lie not mother)
I did not know her then to be my mother.
I knew that she was *Helen* by her beauty,
She knew not me when as I did my duty.
'Mongst all these miseries I most happy am,
That *Orestes* for my husband I did gaine.
Yet he, alas, shall from me taken be,
Vnlesse he doe fight for himselfe and mee.
Pyrrhus hath tooke me, and doth me enjoy.
This is all I got by the fall of *Troy*,
Yet while the Sun with his bright rayes doth shine,
My sorrowes are more gentle all that time.
But when at night with griefe I goe to bed,
And on my pillow rest my weary head,
Then teares, when I should entertaine soft sleepe,
Spring in my eyes, and I begin to weepe.
And from my husbands side as farre off lye,
As if he were to me an enemy.
Sometimes through griefe forgetting where I am,
I have toucht some part of *Pyrrhus*, and againe
I have pluckt back my hand, for I did grutch,
That This body with my hand should touch.
Such was my hatred, that I did esteeme
My hands by touching him, had polluted beene.
And it doth often chance, that I doe call
Pyrrhus, *Orestes*, and it doth befall
I love my error, as a signe of luck,
When I have thy name, for his name mistooke.

By *Jupiter*, from whom our house did rise,
Who ruleth both the Sea, the Land, and skies,
I pray by thy fathers, and thy Vncles bones,
Which doe rest underneath their marble stones,
That I may presently resigne my life,
Or else may be once more *Orestes* wife.

The



The Argument of the ninth Epistle.

Iupiter having loyned three nights in one, begot *Hercules* on *Alcmena*, in the shape of her husband *Amphitrio*: *Euristhem* King of the *Mycenians*, by *Iuno's* subtilty, perswades him to attempt difficult labours, so to endanger his life. Yet he by strength and pollicy, always got the victory; and to obtaine *Dianira* for his wife, *Achelous* a River of *Aetolia*, after many changes of shapes, hee overthrew

the figure of a Bull, yet though he ouercame many Monsters he was ouercome by loue. For *Eurytus* King of *Oechalia* denying him his daughter *Iole* formerly promised vnto him, hee tooke his City, slew *Eurytus*, and obtained *Iole*, with whose loue he was so blinded, that at her command he layd by his Lyons skin, and Club, and putting on Womens cloathes, sat and spun amongst her Maydes: and was so inthrall to *Iole*, as he had beene to *Omphale* Queene of *Lydia*, on whom he begot *Lamus*. His Wife *Deianira* Daughter of *Oeneus* King of *Calydon*, vnderstanding of his base and seruile dotage, writes to him, and layes before him his former worthy acts, that his present disgrace by comparison with them, might appeare more to the life. But as shee was writing, she vnderstood of *Hercules* suffering, by the shirt she had sent him dipt in the bloud of the Centaure *Nessus*, to retaine him from wandring affection (for so had *Nessus* perswaded her, whom in passing ouer the River *Euenus*, *Hercules* slew with a poysond arrow) being much grieued hereat, she cleares her selfe that shee did not thereby intend his deth uction, but the regaining of his loue, and concludes with a *Tragicall* resolution.

Deianira to Hercules.

I Am glad thou *Oechalia* hast wonne,
For husbands honour doth the wiues become.
But am sorry that a Captiues beautious looke,
Should take the conqueror, that hath her tooke.
When Fame the sad report at first did bring,
To the Greeke Cities on her nimble wing;
Me thought this action was not of the colour
Of those brave deeds, which shew thy glory fuller;
Whom *Iuno*, nor her labours ever broke,
Iole makes him yeeld vnto her yoake.
Eurythens is glad, and *Iupiters* Wife,
To see this action blot thy faire-spent life.
Nor can I thinke three nights were ioyn'd in one
At thy begetting or conception.
Venus is worse than *Iuno* thy step-dame,
But by oppressing thee she rais'd thy fame.

Deia-

But *Venus* makes thee basely thinke it meete,
To put thy humble neck beneath her feete.
The world, inviron'd round with the blew Seas,
Was setled by thy conquering hand in peace.
By which both Sea, and Land injoy sweet rest,
Thy fame is spread abroad from East to West.
Hercules strength, and *Atlas*'es were even,
For *Hercules*, and *Atlas* bore up heaven.
But if with lust thy former deeds thou staine,
Thy glory turneth to thy greater shame.
In thy Cradle thou wert like unto thy father,
When thou didst strangle two Snakes joyn'd together.
Thy child-hood, and thy man-hood I doe see,
But farre unlike, and farre most different be.
Thy beginning was far better, than thy end,
The last act of thy life doth most offend.
Wilde beasts, and enemies thou could'st overcome,
But love the victory over thee hath wonne.
Some thinke I am well marryed, because I am
Wife to great *Hercules*, that very name
Is happinesse, besides my father-in-law
Is *Jove*, whose thunder keepes the world in awe.
But I am over-matched with thee now,
Vnequall Oxen awkwardly doe plow.
Thy honour like a burthen I doe carry,
She's fitly matcht, that doth her equall marry.
For *Hercules* is absent from me still,
While he fierce monsters, and wild beasts doth kill.
Thus widdowed, I offer sacrifice,
Lest thou should'st be slaine by thy enemies.
Me-thinkes I see how thou dost take delight
With Serpents, Boares, and Lyons still to fight.
Strange visions in my sleepe to me appeare,
And my dreames affright my inward feare.

Sometimes

metimes I doe believe the common fame,
metime I hope, sometimes I feare againe.
y mother is from home, and doth complaine,
ecause her beauty did a god enflame.
mphytrio thy owne father is from home,
nd little *Hylus* also thy young son.
onely doe perceive *Eurystheus* hath
ide thee a sacrifice to *Juno's* wrath.
o performe labours he did thee perswade,
hich done, the goddesse wrath is not allay'd.
nd to encrease my griefe, thou do'st approve
captive Mayd, who is become thy love.
will not mention how thou did'st dally
ith *Auge*, in the sweet *Parthenian* vally.
how the nimph *Ormenis* was defil'd,
nd wantonly by thee was got with child;
or will I urge it as a fault, not I,
hou did'st with *Thespius* fifty daughters lye.
hat which grieves me was thy adultery,
hich thou committedst with thy *Omphale*,
nd on her did'st beget a bastard son,
o whom I must a mother-in-law become.
he winding River which they call *Meander*,
ing in his turning bankes about doth wander,
ath seene when *Hercules* a fine chaine wore
n those shoulders which heavens weight once bore.
id'st thou not blush to weare a golden twist?
r bracelet made of pearle about thy wrist?
that a golden bracelet should containe
hy brawny armes, which had so stoutly slaine
he *Nemean* Lyon, whose ruffe shaggy hide
ou did'st weare on thy shoulder, and left side?
ay, besides this thou did'st descend to weare
Coife, or Kerchife on thy Rubborne haire.

It were more fit thy Temples had beene crown'd
With victorious wreaths, than with a fillet bound.
Yet as if thou wert some young girle, thou hast
Worne *Omphala's* girdle round about thy waste.
Thou thought'st not of fiery *Diomed* as then,
Who fed his horses with the flesh of men.
Had *Busus* seene thee dreſt thus, he would be
Asham'd that he had beene o'recome by thee.
Antæus may knocke off his bolts, and chaine,
And set his necke at liberty againe.
For what captive is there with patience can
Suffer under such an effeminate man?
Besides, amongst the *Grecian* Mayds ('tis said)
That thou did'st sit, and spin, and wert afraid,
Least thy Mistresse *Omphale*, when she espi'd thee,
Idle by chance, should frowne on thee, and chide thee.
And thy victorious hands did not then scorne
To spin, which once such labours did performe.
For thou did'st draw the thred, with thy huge Thum,
And gav'st account at night, what thou had'st spun.
Sometimes as thou sat'st spinning, thou hast broke
With boysterous handling, both thy wheele and rock.
And like a poore unhappy wretch, 'tis said,
That of thy Mistresse thou wert so afraid,
That if she chid thee, thou would'st trembling stand,
For feare of swadling with a Holly wand.
And to win favour, thou would'st often tell
Of thy labours, which thou ought'st to conceale.
Discoursing unto her how thou hadst wonne
Much honour, by those deeds which thou hadst done;
How in thy child-hood thou didst boldly teare
The *Hydra's* speckled jawes, which hideous were.
How thou didst kill the *Erimanthean* Boare,
Which on the ground lay welt'ring in his goare.

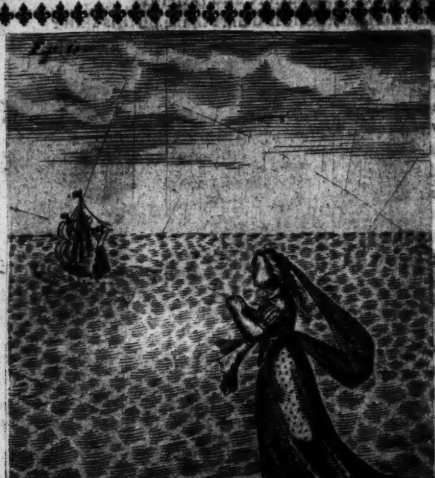
And then of *Diomedes* didst relate,
Who nail'd the heads of men upon his gate;
Fatting his pamper'd Mories with their flesh,
Vntill thou didst his cruelty suppresse;
And how thou hadst the monster *Cacus* slaine,
That kept his flocks upon the hils of *Spaine*;
And of three-headed *Cerberus* thou didst tell,
Whom by his snaky haire thou dragd'st from hell:
And how the *Hydra* by thy hand was slaine,
Whose heads being lopt off would grow forth againe.
And of *Anteus*, whom thou crusht to death
Betweene thy armes, and didst squeeze out his breath.
And how the *Centaures* thou subdud'st by force,
That were halfe Men, and halfe like to a Horse.
When thou wert in soft silken robes arrai'd,
To tell these stories wert not thou dismai'd?
Didst thou thinke whil'st thou didst thy labours tell,
That a Womans habit did become thee well?
While *Omphale* hath tooke thy Lyons skin
Away from thee, and dreft her selfe therein.
To boast now of thy valour it is vaine,
For *Omphale* in thy stead playes the man:
For she in valour doth exceed thee farre,
Since she hath conquered the conquerour.
And by subjecting thee, she now hath won
The glory, which did unto thee belong.
O shame to thinke! the skin which thou didst teare
Off the Lyons ribs, thy *Omphale* doth weare.
Thou art deceiv'd, 'tis not the Lyons spoile,
Thou foil'st the Lyon, she thy selfe doth foile.
And she that only knoweth how to spin,
To weare thy weapons also doth begin.
She takes thy conquering Club into her hand,
And afterwards before her glasse will stand

Viewing

Viewing her selfe, to see what she hath done,
If that her Husbands weapons her become,
I could not beleeve, when I heard it said,
The sad report unto my heart convai'd
Much griefe, but now my wretched eyes beheld
The Harlot *Iole*, that thy courage quell'd,
Such are my wrongs, that I must needs reveale,
My griefe and sorrow I cannot conceale.
Thou brought'st her through the Citie in despight,
Because I should behold the hated sight;
Not like a Captive, with her haire unbound,
And a dejected locke fixt on the ground,
But of rich cloth of gold her garments were,
Such as thy selfe in *Phrygia* did weare.
She in her passage graciously did looke
On the people, as if she had *Hercules* tooke.
As if her father liv'd, and did command
Oechalia, which was rased by thy hand.
Deianira it may be thou wilt forsake,
And of thy former whore a wife wilt make;
So that *Hymen* shall both joyne the heart and hands
Of *Hercules* and *Iole* in his bands.
When in my mind these passages I behold,
My hands and limbes with feare grew stiffe and cold.
In me thou formerly didst take delight,
And for my sake two severall times didst fight,
Plucking off *Achelous* horne, who after
Did hide his head in his owne muddy water,
And *Nessus* was slaine by the poison'd head
Of thy arrow, whose bloud dy'd the River red.
But O alas, I heare abroad by fame,
Thou art tormented with much griefe and paine,
By the shirt dipt in his bloud, which I sent thee,
But yet indeed no harme at all I meant thee.

If it be so, then what am I become?
What is it that my furious love hath done?
O *Deianira* straight resolve to dye,
So end at once thy griefe and misery.
Shall this same poison'd shirt teare off his skin?
And wilt thou live, that hast the causer bin
Of all his torment? No, though not my life,
My death shall shew that I was *Hercules* wife.
And, *Meleager*, I will shew thereby
My selfe thy Sister, I'me resolv'd to dye.
O unhappy fate? *Oeneus* royall throne
(My Father who is very aged growne)
Agrius hath, *Tydeus* in forraine land
Doth wander still, and in the fatall brand
Meleager perish'd, and my mother kill'd
Her selfe. and with her hand her owne bloud spill'd;
Then why doth *Deianira* doubt to dye?
And so conclude this wicked Tragedie?
Yet this one suit to thee I only move;
And beg it of thee for our former love;
That thou wouldst not beleeve, or thinke I meant
To procure thy death, by that gift I sent.
For when the cruell Centaure bleeding lay
With thy arrow in his brest, he then did say,
This bloud, if thou the vertue of it prove,
Will cause affection, and procure true love.
But now his treachery I have understood,
For I dipt a shirt into his poison'd bloud,
And sent it, which hath caus'd thy misery;
O *Deianira* strait resolve to dye.
Farewell my Father, *George* too farewell,
Farewell my Brother, and Countrey where I dwell.
And I doe bid farewell to the day-light,
Of which my eyes shall never more have sight.

Farewell to *Hyllus* my young little son,
Farewell my husband, Death, I come, I come.



The Argument of the tenth Epistle.

Minos the son of *Jupiter* and *Europa*, because the *Athenians* had treacherously slaine his sonne *Androgeus*, enforced them by his power to send him every Yeare a tribute, seven Young Men, and as many

many young Virgins, to be devoared by the *Minotaure*, whilst by *Dadalus* Art *Pasiphae* had by a Bull while her Husband *Minos* was as the *Athenian* warres. The lot falling on *Theseus*, he was sent amongst the rest, but *Ariadne* instructed him how to kill the *Minotaure*, and retourne againe out of the Labyrinth, as *Catullus* saith,

Reverenda regens tenui vestigia filo.

Guiding his steps, which she led,
By a Clue of slender thred.

Afterward *Theseus* departing from *Crete* with *Ariadne* and *Phadra*, he arriv'd at the Isle *Naxos*, where *Bacchus* admonish'd him to leave *Ariadne*, and he accordingly left her when she was fast asleepe. Assoone as she awaked, she writ this Letter, complaining of *Theseus* cruelty and ingratitude, and in a pittiful manner intreates him to come backe againe, and take her into his Ship.

Ariadne to Theseus.

I Have found all kindes of beasts much more milde
And gentle than thy selfe, who hast beguil'd
My trust: for it had been more safe for me,
To have beleev'd a salvage beast, than thee.
This Letter, *Theseus*, from thence doth come,
Where thou didst leave me, and away didst run;
When I was fast asleepe, then thou didst leave me,
Watching that opportunity to deceive me;
It was at that time, when the heavens strew
Vpon the earth their sweet and pearly dew.
And the first waking birds did now begin,
In the coole boughs to tune their noats and sing:
I being halfe asleepe, and halfe awake,
Yet so much knowledge had, that for thy sake,
With my hand I felt about thy warme place,
Thinking indeed my *Theseus* to imbrace:
I felt about the bed, but he was gone,
I felt about againe, but there was none.
Then with my wretched hand I strooke my breast,
And toare my loosen'd haire, that was undrest.

The Moone shin'd bright, so that I looked o're
To sea-ward, but saw nothing but the shoare.
Now here, and there confusedly I ran,
The heavie sand did my swift feet detaine:
At last I called *Theseus* on the shoare;
The hollow Rocks thy Name did back restore.
The echo call'd as many times as I,
And seem'd to helpe me in my misery
There was a Mountaine topt with some few bushes,
Vnder whose rocky sides the Sea still rushes.
On it I clamber'd up, love gave me strength,
Whence I could see farre unto sea at length:
From hence (for I the winds did cruell find)
Discern'd a ship that sail'd with the North wind;
I saw it, or I thought I did behold
It, which did make my heart halfe dead, and cold.
Yet sorrow would not suffer me to lye
Long in this Trance, but comming out of't I
Cry'd out, O *Thesius*! whither dost thou run?
Returne, O *Theseus*, and to me back come.
Turne back thy ship againe for to take me,
Thou wanteſt one yet of thy company.
Thus did I cry, and strike my breast betwixt,
While blowes and words were both together mixt.
Though thou could'st not heare me, yet I did stand
Spreading my armes abroad upon the land,
That thou mightst see me, and a white flag hung
To make thee see me, who from me did'st run.
Thy ship at last did saile quite out of sight,
And then the teares ran downe my cheekes outright.
For how could my sad eyes but chuse to weepe,
After thy sailes out of my sight did slip?
Abroad I wander'd with loose flowing haire,
Like women that by *Bacchus* enrag'd are.

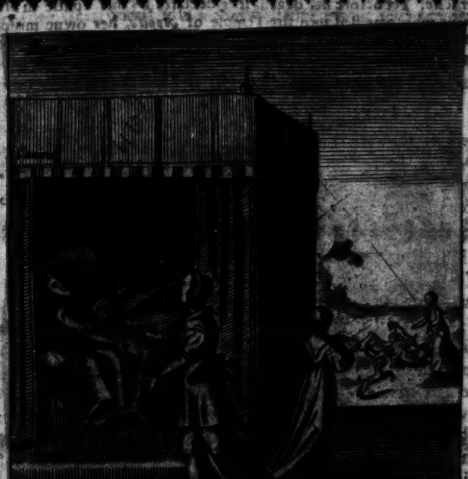
Sometime

Sometimes I looking unto Sea would ſit
On a ſtone, as void as the ſtone of wit;
Then to the bed I walkt, where we had laine,
Which never ſhould receive us more againe.
And it a pleaſure unto me did ſeeme,
To touch the warme place, where thy limbes had beene.
And in the very place I downe would lye,
With weeping teares, and thus begin to cry:
Sweet bed, we both have laine on thee together,
As two lay downe, two ſhould have riſen together,
But I on this forſaken Iſle am left,
Of men and all humanity hereft.
The ſea encompaſſeth this Iſland round,
No ſhip or Pilot from this Iſle is bound.
Suppoſe I could a ſhip and wind command,
I dare not ſaile back to my Fathers land.
Though my ſhip through the ſmooth ſea did glide on,
And winds ſtood faire, I am baniſht from home,
And from *Creet*, that a hundred Cities had,
Where *Jove* was nurſed, when he was a lad.
I betrai'd my father, by that plot I fram'd,
And countrey, where he long uprightly raign'd.
And leſt thou in the labyrinth had'ſt dy'd,
Gave thee a Clue of threed thy ſteps to guide.
By thoſe paſt dangers thou didſt ſweare to me,
That thou, while I did live, would'ſt conſtant be.
I live, and find thee falſe, if't may be ſaid
Shee lives, that by a falſe man is betray'd.
Would thy Club had kill'd me, as't did my brother,
Then in my death, thou all my wrongs might'ſt ſmother.
Now I conceive what I muſt ſuffer here,
And what I may endure, doth urge my feare.
A thouſand ſhapes of death me thinkes I ſee,
The feare of death is worſe than death can be.

Now left some Wolfe should come, I am in feare,
Who with his greedy teeth my limbes should teare;
Perhaps this land doth yellow Lions breed,
And cruell Tygers from this Ile proceed.
Perhaps great Sea-calves on the shoare abide,
Or elfe the sword may pierce my tender side.
Or like a Captive I may be enchain'd,
And unto servile labour be constrain'd;
Whose Father *Minos* was, and whose mother
Was *Phœbus* daughter, which I need not smother,
And that which rather should remember'd be,
That I was once betrothed unto thee.
If I looke to the shoare, the land or sea,
The sea and land doe seeme to threaten mee.
I to heaven, to the gods I dare not pray,
But I am left unto wild beasts a prey.
The men that here inhabit I distrust,
Being deceiv'd by thee my feares are just.
I wish now that *Androgeos* did live,
Whose death occasion of that tax did give.
I wish, O *Theseus*, thy club had not slaine
The monster, halfe a beast, and halfe a man.
Would I had not given thee a clue of thred,
By which thy steps in comming back were led.
I wonder not, thou gott'st the victory,
Or that this *Cretian* beast was slaine by thee,
Thou hadst an iron breast, which was arm'd,
So that thou could'st not by his homes be harm'd.
Sure an obdurate Adamant was in't,
And *Theseus* was all o're as hard a flint.
O cruell sleepe! why did I slumbering lye?
Would I had slept unto eternity,
O cruell winds! why did ye stand so faire?
As if ye did desire to breed my care.

O cruell hand of thine, which hath slaine me,
And my poore brother by infidelitie,
My sleepe, the wind, and thou did all conspire,
And to betray a maid did all desire
Now at my death my Mother shall not weepe,
Nor close my eyes up in eternall sleepe.
My haplesse ghost shall wander in the aire,
To embalme my body no friend shall care.
Sea-Vultures shall upon my carkasse lite,
For I shall have at all no Funerall Rite.
But unto *Atreus* when thou art come home,
Then thou sitting upon thy royall Throne;
Shalt tell how thou the *Minotaure* didst slay,
Out of the Labyrinth finding the right way;
And tell amongst thy acts, how thou hast left
Me on this Island, of all helpe bereft.
Ægeus, nor yet *Æthra* cannot be
Thy Parents, Rocks were Parents unto thee.
If from thy ship-decks thou hadst spied me,
My sad lookes unto pitty had mov'd thee.
Thinke now thou seest me standing on a Rock,
Whose chalkie sides the beating waves doe mocke.
See how my haire is o're my shoulders spread,
My garments wet with teares, that I have shed.
And how my body trembleth to and fro,
Like shaking corne, which the North-wind doth blow;
Or like some misse-shap'd Letter I doe stand,
That hath beene written by a trembling hand.
To urge my merit I dare not presume,
" No thankes are due to service that is done.
Yet there's no reason thou shouldst punish me
With death, because from death I saved thee.

To thee my hands I heave vp, and doe spread,
Which with beating my breast are wearied.
I entreat thee by my haire, which I doe spread,
And by my teares for thy vnkindnesse shed,
Turne back thy ships, O *Theseus*, for my sake,
Though I am dead, my carkasse with thee take.



The Argument of the eleventh Epistle.

Macareus and Canace, the sonne and daughter of *Æolus*, King of the winds, did love one another, and thinking to colour their incestuous fault, with naturall affection, *Canace* brought forth a sonne, and sending it out of the Court to be nurst abroad, the unhappy infant cryed, and so discovered it selfe to his Grandfather, who incensed with his children wickednesse, commanded the innocent Infant to be

he cast forth unto Dogges: and by one of his guard sent a sword to *Canace*, as a silent remembrancer of her desert, wherewith shee killd her selfe. Yet before her death, shee declares by this Epistle to *Macareus*, who was fled into the Temple of *Apollo*, her owne misfortune, entreating him to gather up the childes bones, and lay them with hers in the same Vrne or funerall Pitcher.

CANACE *to* MACAREVS.

IF blotted Letters may be understood,
Receive this Letter blotted with my bloud.
My right hand holds a pen, my left a sword,
My paper lies before me on the boord.
Thus *Canace* doth to her brother write.
This posture yeelds my father much delight:
Who I doe wish would a spectator be,
As he is Author of my Tragedie.
Who fiercer than winds blowing from the East,
With dry cheekes would behold my wounded breast.
For since to rule the winds he hath commission,
He's of his Subjects cruell disposition.
Over the Northerne, and South winds he raignes,
The wings of th' East and West winds he restraines.
And yet although the winds he doth command,
His sudden anger he cannot withstand.
The kingdome of the winds he can restraine,
But over his owne vices cannot raigne.
For what although my Ancestors have beene
Vnto the gods, and *Jupiter* a kinne?
Now in my feareful hand I hold a sword,
That fatall gift, which must my death afford.
O *Macareus*, would that I had dy'd,
Before we were in close imbraces tyed!
More than a sister ought I did affect thee,
More than a brother ought thou didst respect me.

Yet

For I did feele, how *Cupid* with his dart
(Of whom I oft had heard) did wound my heart.
My colour straitway did wax greene and pale,
My stomack to my meat began to faile.
I could not sleepe, the night did seeme 3 yeare,
I often sigh'd, when no body did heare.
Yet why I sighed, I no cause could show;
I lov'd, and yet what love was did not know.
My old Nurse found out, how my pulse did more,
And she first told me that I was in love:
But then I blushed with a downe-cast looke,
Which silent signes she for confession tooke.
But now the burthen of my swelling wombe
Grew heavie, being to full ripenesse come.
What hearbs and medicines did not she, and I
Vse, to enforce abortive deliverie,
Conceal'd from thee? Yet Art could not prevaile,
The quickned child grew strong, our Art did faile.
And now nine Moones were fully gone and past,
The tenth in her bright Chariot made great hast.
I knew not whence my sudden gripes did grow,
Nor what paines belong'd to childbirth did know.
I cri'd out, but my Nurse my words did stay,
And stopt my mouth, as I there crying lay,
What shall I doe? gripes force me to complaine,
But my Nurse, and feare of crying out restraine.
So that I did suppresse my groanes, and cries,
And dranke the teares that flow'd downe from my eies.
While thus *Lucina* did deny her aid,
Fearing my fault in death should be betrai'd.
Thou by my side most lovingly didst lye,
Tearing thy haire to see my misery;
And with kind words thy sister thou didst cherish,
Praying that two might not at one time perish.

And

And thou didst promise still in hope of life,
Saying, deare sister thou shalt be my wife.
These words reviv'd me, when I was halfe dead,
So that I presently was brought abed.
Thou didst rejoyce, but feare did me affright,
To hide it from my father *Æolus* sight.
The carefull Nurse the new borne child did hide
In Olive boughs, with swadling vine leaves ty'd.
And so a solemne Sacrifice did faine,
The people and my father believ'd the same.
Being neere the gate, the child that straight did cry,
To his grandfather was betrai'd thereby;
Æolus tearing forth the child, discries
Their cunning, and pretended sacrifice.
As the sea trembles when light winds doe blow,
Or as an Aspen leafe shakes to and fro,
Even so my pale and trembling limbes did make
The bed whereon I lay begin to shake.
He comes to me, my fault he doth proclaime,
And he could scarce from striking me containe.
I could doe nothing else but blush, and weepe,
My tongue ty'd up with feare, did silence keepe.
He commanded, my son should be straitway
Cast forth, and made to beasts and birds a prey.
And then it cry'd, so that you would have thought,
His crying had his Grandfather besought
To pity him: what griefe it was to me,
Deere brother, you may ghesse, when I did see,
When I saw my child carried to the Wood,
To feed the mourning Wolves that live by blood.
When thus my child unto the woods was sent,
My father out of my bed-chamber went.
Then I did beat my tender breast at last,
And teare my cheekes, his sentence being past.

When straight one of my Fathers Guard came in,
And with a sad looke did this message bring;
Æolus sends this sword, and doth desire
Thee use it, as thy merit doth require.
His will (quoth I) be done, I'le use his sword,
My fathers gift shall my sad death afford.
O father, shall this sword the portion be,
And dowry which you meane to give to me?
O *Hymen*; put out thy deceived light,
And nimbly now betake thy selfe to flight.
Yee furies bring your smoaky Torches all,
To light the wood at my sad funerall.
O sisters, may you fatre more happily marry
Than I, that by my owne fault did miscarry.
Yet what could be my new-borne babes offence,
Which might his Grandfather so much incense?
Of death, alas, he could not worthy be:
For my offence he's punished forme.
O Son! thou breed'st thy mother much annoy,
No sooner bred, but beasts doe thee destroy.
O Son, the pledge of my unhappy love,
One day thy day of birth, and death did prove.
I had not time t'imbalme thee with my teares,
Nor in the funerall fire to throw thy haires.
To give thee one cold kisse I had no power,
For the wild greedy beasts did thee devoure.
But I, sweet child, will straightway dye with thee,
I will not long a childlesse parent be.
And thou, O brother, since it is in vaine
For me to hope to see thee once againe;
Gather the small remainder, which the wild
And salvage beasts have left of thy young child.
And with his mothers bones, let them have roome,
Within one Vrne, or in one narrow Tombe.

Weepe

Weepe at my funerall, who can reprove thee,
For shewing love to her that once did love thee?
And here at last I doe intreat thee still,
To performe thy unhappy sisters will;
For I will kill my selfe without delay,
And so my fathers hard command obey.

The Argument of the twelfth Epistle.

Iason being a lusty comely Young-man, arrived at [illegible] *Medea*, the Daughter of *Æetes* King of *Colchos*, and *Hecate*'s Priest, incited and entertained him; and upon promise of mariage, instructed him how he should obtaine the booty hee desir'd. Having gotten the golden fleece, he fled away with *Medea*. Her father [illegible] to pursue them, she teares in peeces her brother *Absyrtus* limbes, whom she had

had taken with her, thereby to stay her father whil: he gathered
his Sonns bones. And so at length safely arriving in *Thessaly*, I
renewed his father *Æsons* age, by *Medeas* helpe: who also made
Pelias daughters kill their father. For pretending that she would
him young, as shee had done *Æson*, shee perswaded his daughter
with a knife to let out all his black old bloud, that shee might in
new fresh bloud in stead thereof His daughters having done so,
Pelias straightway dyed. *Iason* hereupon, or for some other cause,
pudiates *Medea*, and marries *Creusa* the daughter of *Creon* King
Corinth. *Medea* herewith enraged writes to *Iason*, expostulat
with him of his ingratitude, and threatens speedy revenge, unless
receive her againe.

MEDEA to JASON.

AT that time Queene of *Corinth* I did raigne,
When thou didst seeke by my art helpe to gaine.
I wish my threed of life, which then was spun
By the three sisters, had beene cut and done.
Then might *Medea* have dy'd innocent,
My life since then hath beene a punishment.
Woe's me that ere the lusty youth of Greece,
Sail'd hither, for to fetch the golden fleece.
Would *Colchos* never had their *Argos* seene,
Would the Grecians ne're on our shoare had beene:
Why was I with thy lovely browne haire tooke?
Or with thy tempting tongue and comely looke?
Or at least when thy ship came to our shoare,
Bringing thy selfe, with gallants many more;
I might have let thee run, and found a death
By those fiery Oxen with their flaming breath.
I might have suffer'd thee to sow that seed,
Whence armed men did spring up and proceed,
That the sower might by his owne tillage dye,
When each eare of corne did prove an enemie.

They had prevented then thy treachery,
And kept me both from griefe and miserie,
To upbraid thy ingratitude pleases me,
In this alone I can triumph o're thee.
For when thy ship arrived at the shoare
Of *Colchos*, where it nere had beene before,
O then *Medea* was beloved there
Of thee, as thy new wife's beloved here.
My father was as rich as hers, he raign'd
O're *Corinth*, which 'twixt two seas is contain'd.
My father possess'd all the land which lay
Betweene *Pontus*, and snowy *Scythia*.
My father did thy Grecians entertaine,
Affording lodging to thee, and thy traine.
I saw thee then, then did of thee enquire,
And then thy love did set my heart on fire.
I saw thee, and that sight to love did turne,
While my heart did like a great Taper burne.
Thy beauty drew me to my destin'd fate,
And thy faire eyes my eyes did captivate.
Which thou perceiv'dst, for who can love conceale?
Whose glowing flame doth it owne selfe reveale.
My father then commanded thee to yoake
Those Oxen, that were to the plough ne're broake.
For they were *Mars* his Oxen, whose hornes were
Sharpe, and their breath did like a flame appeare.
They had brasse hooves, and nostrils arm'd with brasse,
Blackt with the breath that thorow them did passe.
And thou wert bid to sowe in the large field
That seed, which did an armed people yeeld.
Which sprung up, would assaile thee straight againe;
Thou for thy harvest such a crop should'st gaine.
And thy last labour was, to charme asleepe
The Dragon, that the golden fleece did keepe.

When *Æetes* said thus, you all straight rose,
And every one much discontentment shewes.
So that you did your purple seats forsake,
And then the Table they away did take.
Great *Creons* daughter thou didst now contemne,
And *Creusas* dowrie could not helpe thee then.
Sadly thou didst depart, and discontent,
Yet my weeping eyes on thee still were bent,
And as thou went'st away, this one word fell,
In a soft murmure from my tongue; Farewell.
And when I went to bed, I never slept,
Wounded with love, all night I griev'd and wept.
The fierce Buls were alwayes before my eyes,
And the arm'd men which from the earth did rise;
And then the watchfull Dragon did affright
My senses, and was still before my sight.
Thus love, and feare, my breast at once did trouble,
My love of thee did make my feare to double.
At last it chanc'd that early in the morning,
My loving sister came and found me mourning;
And lying on my face, with all my haire
Loose spread, the pillow wet with many a teare.
Shee, and two Sisters more did me invade,
With faire entreaties, for to helpe and ayde
Jason, and his *Thessalians*, who did want
My assistance, I in love their suit did grant.
There is a wood so darke with thick-leav'd trees,
That the bright Sunne but seldome through it sees:
There doth a Chappell of *Diana's* stand,
Whose golden statue there was rudely fram'd,
I know not whether this place is by thee
Forgotten, as thou hast forgotten me.
We being thither come, thou then did'st breake
Thy mind to me, and thus beganst to speake.

My

My life, and fortunes are at thy command,
My life, and death are both within thy hand,
You may let me perish, if so bee you will,
But 'tis more noble to preserve, than kill.
Then by my present sorrowes I entreate,
Which you can ease, if you the word would speake.
By my kindred, and Vncle *Phœbus*, who
Sees all things, that on earth we mortals doe.
By *Dian's* triple-face, and sacred rites,
And gods wherein this Nation delights.
O Virgin! have some pitty at this time
On me, and make me so for ever thine.
And though I cannot hope the gods should be
So kind, and favourable unto me;
Yet if you would be pleased now to take
A *Thessalian*, and him a husband make.
Then I doe promise, I will faithfull be,
And vow, that I will marry none but thee.
Let *Juno* be a witnesse to my vow,
And *Dian* in whose Temple we are now.
Thou took'st me by the hand, these words of thine
A Maidens fancy did straight-way incline,
For such thy language was, as soone did move
My honest heart, to entertaine thy love.
By thy deceitfull teares I was betray'd,
For they had power to betray a Mayd.
So that the Bulls, whose breath like flames did smoake,
I taught thee how to tame, and how to yoake.
And thou did'st sowe the Dragons teeth for seed,
Whence armed men did spring up, and proceed.
I, that did give thee those securing charmes,
Grew pale to see those new-sprung men in armes.
When straight those earth-bred brethren there in fight,
Did slay each other in a bloudy fight.

The watchfull Dragon now the earth did sweep,
While he upon his scaly breast did creepe
Where was the Dowry of thy royall Wife?
Or King of *Corinth*? could they save thy life?
No it was I, that now am thus rejected,
And as a poore Enchantresse disrespected.
I charm'd the Dragons flaming eyes asleepe,
That thou might'st get the Fleece which he did keepe.
My Father I betray'd, and I forsooke
My Countrey, and with thee a voyage tooke.
Though my life a sad banishment should be,
I was content to wander still with thee.
Thou of my Mayden-head did'st me deceive,
Who my Mother and my Sister both did leave.
Yet I left not my Brother; at that name,
Me thinkes my pen stands still for very shame;
I feare to write that, which I did not feare
To doe, 'twas I that did in peeces teare.
Thy scattered limbes, and when I had done so,
Guilty of thy bloud, unto Sea did goe.
And would the gods had drown'd us in the Sea,
Thou for deceit, I for credulity.
I would our ship as it along had past,
Our joyned bodies on some rock had dasht.
Or breaking *Scylla* had devour'd us then,
Scylla should punish such ungratefull men.
I wish *Charybdis* had then pleased beene,
With his round whirling waves to suck us in.
But thou in safety art to *Thessaly* come,
Offering the golden Fleece, which thou hast wonne,
Vnto thy gods: what should I mention
Pelias Daughters? whose intention
I wrong'd, and made their virgin hands to kill
Their aged Father, and his bloud to spill.

Though

Though others blame me, thou muſt praiſe me needs,
Since from my love of thee my guilt proceeds.
Yet thou haſt caſt me off now ne're the leſſe,
O I want words, that may my griefe expreſſe!
When thou did'ſt bid me goe, I did obey
Thy cruell doome, and forthwith went away
With my two Children, forth alone went I,
And love which alwayes beares me company.
But when I did of thy late marriage heare,
Where *Hymens* Torches burned bright and cleare;
And that ſweet muſick, with new marriage ſongs
Proclaim'd your wedding, and my unkind wrongs;
I fear'd, and yet could not the newes beleeve;
Yet a ſad coldneſſe to my breaſt did cleave.
But when I heard them *Io Hymen* cry,
The more they cry'd, more was my miſery;
My Servants wept, and yet they hid their teares,
To bring this ſad newes to me each one feares.
And I doe wiſh I had not knowne it ſtill,
But yet my mind did propheſie ſome ill.
When my young Sonne deſirous for to ſee
Some novelty, as children uſe to be,
Standing at the doore, did begin to cry,
Come mother, ſee my father paſſing by;
My father *Jaſon*, who in pompe doth ride
In's Chariot, with his new maried Bride;
Then did I beat my breaſt, my cloathes I rent,
To teare my cheekes my fingers then were bent.
My mind did urge me to revenge my wrong,
And thruſt my ſelfe among the bridall throng.
And having ſnatcht thy garland from thy head,
My armes about thy middle to have ſpread;
And tooke poſſeſſion of that at that time,
And to the people cry'd aloud, He's mine.

Father rejoyce, *Colchians* now be glad,
My brothers ghost hath these infernals had.
For now I am forsaken, left, and crost,
My Country, House, and Kingdome I have lost:
Nay, I have lost my Husband too, and he
Was a kingdome of contentment unto me.
I that both Dragons, and wilde Buls could tame,
Yet by one man am conquered againe.
I that could quench hot fire with learned charmes,
Can't quench the fire of love which my breast warmes.
My charmes, and Art, and Potions doe deceive me,
And *Hecates* witchcrafts cannot now releeve me.
Me thinkes that I doe hate the dayes faire light,
And sorrow makes me lye awake all night,
And seldome is my miserable breast
With any quiet gentle steepe refresht.
I made the Dragon fast asleepe to fall,
But Art hath on my selfe no power at all.
A whore imbraces him, whom I preserv'd,
She reapes the fruit of that, which I deserv'd.
And perhaps, whil'st thou striv'st to please the eare
Of thy Bride, who thy boasting tales doth heare
With admiration, thou do'st then disgrace,
Either my behaviour, or homely face.
While out of foolish pride she laughs at me,
And doth rejoyce at my deformity.
Let her laugh, and lye downe upon her quilt,
She shall weepe, when she hath my anger felt.
Medea will by sword, or poyson be
Revenged on her hated enemy.
But if unto my prayers thou would'st attend,
Vnto entreaties I would now descend.
I will a suppliant become to thee
Even at thy feet, as thou hast beene to me.

If

If thou wilt not pitty me, for my owne sake,
Yet on my Children some compassion take,
Their Stepmother will most unkindly use them,
Nay, and perhaps most cruelly abuse them.
For they too much, 'alas, resemble thee,
In them thy living picture I can see.
And since they are of thee a living Type,
When I behold them, I am weeping ripe.
I intreate thee by the gods, and the Sunne
My Vncle, and by that which I have done
For thy sake, and by my two Children deare,
Which the pledges of our true affection were;
Returne to my bed, who left all for thee,
Be constant, as thou did'st promise to me.
Against fierce Bulls thy ayde I doe not seeke,
Or to charme the watchfull Dragon fast asleepe;
Thee I desire, whom I deserved have,
By Children had by thee, thee I doe crave.
If thou desir'st a Dowry, I did yeeld
A Dowry, which was told out in the field,
Which I did make thee plough, while thou did'st stay
Onely to beare the golden fleece away.
My Dowry was the Golden Ramme, which had
This golden fleece, and was so richly clad.
This was my Dowry, and should I aske thee
To restore it back, thou would'st deny it me.
My Dowry was the preserving thy selfe,
Can *Creons* Daughter bring thee so much wealth?
That thou do'st live and hast another Bride,
It was my gift, else thou had'st surely dy'd.
And it was I, that gave thee life to be
Thus thankless, and ungratefull unto me.
I will revenge—yet what doth it pertaine
Vnto revenge? if I my wrath proclaime?

And tell what punishments on you shall light?
"The closest anger doth most deadly strike.
I will follow as my rage doth leade me on,
Though I repent the act when it is don.
For I repent that I should e're preserve
A man, that doth so ill of me deserve.
The winged God hath seene from the blew skie
My wrongs, my sorrowes, and my injury.
And with a rage he hath inspir'd my heart
To plot, and act e're long some Tragick part.

The Argument of the thirteenth Epistle.

Protesilaus the Sonne of *Iphyclus* sailing, as *Homer* reports, with forty ships to *Troy*, was shut up with the rest of the *Grecians*, in *Aulis* a Haven of *Beotia*, which when his Wife *Laodamia*, the Daughter of *Acastus*, and *Laodathea* understood, shee dearely loving her husband, and being troubled much with dreames, writ this Epistle unto him: admonishing him to remember the *Oracle*, and abstaine from the warres,

warres. For the *Oracle* had given this answer to the *Greeians*, that hi should perish, that first went a shoare, and set foot upon the *Troian* ground. But courageous *Protesilaus* was the first that landed, and was slaine by *Hector*.

LAODAMIA to PROTESILAVS.

Laodamia doth to thee send health,
Wishing that she might come to thee her selfe.
I heare that thou in *Aulis* art wind-bound,
Would I had of the winds such favour found,
To resist thy going hence, and hinder it,
Then for the Sea to grow ruffe it was fit.
Then I had kiss'd thee oftner, and at large
Had spoken more, and given thee thy charge.
But when the wind stood faire, thou could'st not stay,
For it did drive thy swelling sayles away.
Thy Marriners had what they did require,
It was not I, that did this wind desire.
The wind that for the Marriners stood faire,
Stood crosse for thee, and I, that lovers were.
And me from *Protesilaus* did divide,
While we were both in sweet embraces ty'd.
My broken words short of my meaning fell,
I scarce had time to speake this word, farewell.
For the North wind thy hollow sailes did stretch,
And from me did *Protesilaus* fetch.
I lookt as long as I thy Ship could see,
And I did send a long looke after thee.
When thou wert out of sight, yet I could see
Thy ship, and to behold it pleased mee:
But when both thee, and thy swift sailing ship,
Out of my sight did both together slip,
A sudden darknesse in my eyes I found,
And presently I fell downe in swound.

So

So that my mother and old *Acaſtus* too,
Although much diligence they both did ſhew,
Could fetch me back to life, although at laſt,
Cold water they into my face did caſt.
Their needleſſe love was thus expreſs'd, but I
Am ſorry that they did not let me die:
For when my ſenſes did returne againe,
My love returned too with a new flame;
And chaſt affection would not ſpare my breaſt;
"Thoſe who doe love, muſt never hope for reſt.
Now I tooke no delight to dreſſe my haire,
Nor to weare rich apparell tooke I care.
And as thoſe women *Bacchus* hath inſpir'd
With a touch of his Viny ſtaffe, and fir'd
Their boſomes, that they runne now here, now there;
Such did I in my furious rage appeare.
The talking wives of *Phylace* did come
To comfort me, and thus their ſpeech begun.
Laodamia courage take, put on
Such royall robes as may your birth become.
Alas! ſhall I in purple robes delight,
While that my Husband at *Troy's* wall doth fight?
Shall I my haire in curious manner dreſſe,
While a weighty Helmet doth his haire preſſe?
Shall I in new apparrell gay appeare,
While my lord doth a Coate of Armour weare?
While thou art at the warres, like one forlorne
In careleſſe habit I at home will mourne.
O *Paris*, thou that waſt borne to deſtroy
With thy freſh beauty the old Citie *Troy*.
As thou wert a wanton gueſt, may'ſt thou be
A Coward, and a milkſop enemie.
Would *Helena* had not unto thee ſeem'd
So faire, nor ſhe thy beauty ſo eſteem'd.

O *Menelaus*, thou with earnest strife
Dost labour to regaine againe thy Wife:
Woos me, I feare thy sad revenge will make
Many eyes weepe, and many hearts to ake.
The gods from all ill fortune us defend,
That my returning husband may commend
His armes to *Iupiter*: but when I muse
Or thinke upon the warres, I cannot chuse
But weepe, and downe my cheekes the teares doe runne,
Like snow when it is melted by the Sunne.
When of *Ilium*, or *Tenedos* I heare,
Those names doe put me in a sudden feare.
When of *Simois*, and *Xanthus* I have heard,
Or *Ida*, these strange names make me afeard.
Nor had *Paris* stole *Helen*, if at length
He meant to resigne her, he knew his strength.
For she did come in royall robes of gold,
Adorn'd with Jewels glorious to behold.
And with a warlike fleete to *Troy* she came,
The *Trojans* shew'd their great strength by her traine.
And as *Hellen* was fetched by this Fleete,
So I feare it should with the *Grecians* meet.
There is one *Hector*, of whom I doe heare,
A valiant man, and him I greatly feare.
For *Paris* said that *Hector* should affright
The *Trojans*, and begin the bloudy fight.
If I be she, whom thou do'st love most deare,
Take heed of *Hector*, him I onely feare.
His name doth fill my thoughts with much unrest,
And is engrav'd upon my troubled breast.
And as thou shunnest him, so also shun
Others, for many *Hectors* thither come.
And as oft as thou do'st prepare to fight,
Say to thy selfe these words, which I doe write:

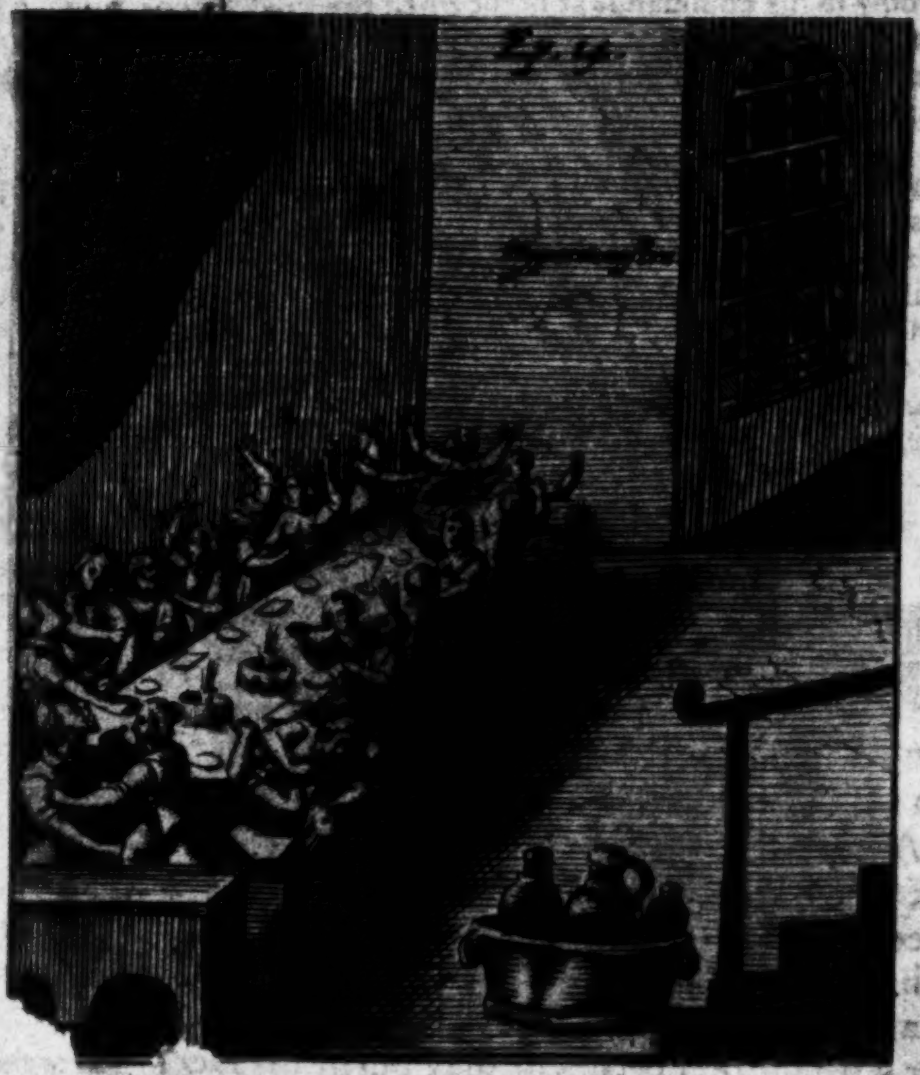
Laodamia

Laodamia charg'd me care to take,
And keepe my ſelfe from danger for her ſake.
If the *Græcians* raze *Troy* unto the ground,
May'ſt thou come from the ſiege with ne're a wound.
Let *Menelaus* with the *Trojans* fight,
And take from *Paris Helena*, his right.
And when he chargeth on the Enemie,
Let his good cauſe give him the victory.
It behov'd *Menelaus* with ſtout blowes
To fetch his wife from the inſulting foes;
But thy caſe unto his is farre unlike,
And therefore I doe wiſh thee ſo to fight,
That when the wars are done, thou maiſt returne,
And in my loving boſome lye full warme.
You *Trojans* I intreate you to ſpare one
Of all thoſe enemies againſt you come;
For every drop of bloud that doth proceed
From his veines, from my veines doth alſo bleed.
Proteſilaus no ſtrong blowes can ſtrike
With his drawne ſword, nor ſtand the puſh of Pike;
Let *Menelaus* fight, whom rage doth move,
Let others fight, let *Proteſilaus* love.
For I muſt needs confeſſe I had a mind
To have call'd him back, but no ſtrength could find,
For my tongue ſtopp'd, before the words were ſpoken,
And my ſpeech broke off, which was a bad token.
And at the threſhold of thy Fathers gate
Thy foot did ſtumble, and did trip therear,
Which hath beene alwayes counted for a ſigne,
Whereby we may of ſome ill luck divine.
Which when I did behold, I was afraid,
And thus unto my ſelfe in ſecret ſaid:
I hope the ſtumbling of his foot ſhall be,
A ſigne, my Husband ſhall returne to me.

Theſe things unto thee I doe now relate,
That I thy courage may thereby abate.
And I doe wiſh, that I at laſt may find,
Theſe feares are vaine, which now moleſt my mind.
Beſides the *Oracles* ſay, he who ſhall
Land firſt upon the *Trojan* ground, ſhall fall
Firſt by the ſword: unhappy ſure is ſhe,
That by the wars ſhall the firſt widdow be.
Heaven defend thee, that thou may'ſt not ſhew
Thy valour, leſt thy valour I doe rue.
Let thy ſhip be the laſt to ſhoare doth ſtand,
Let thy ſhip be the laſt doth come to land.
Of all that goes on ſhoare be thou the laſt
Vnto thy Fathers land thou doeſt not haſt.
But when thou commeſt back, then doe not faile
To uſe thy Oares, and clap on all thy ſaile.
Then make thou haſt to come out of thy ſhip,
And on the welcome ſhoare moſt nimbly skip.
When *Phœbus* lyeth hid, or ſhines moſt bright,
I thinke upon thee, both by day, and night.
Yet more on thee by night than day, for night
Is the ſweet time, that yeeldeth Maids delight.
For then they lye within their Sweet-hearts arme,
Who with their cloſe embraces keepe them warme;
While in my Widowes bed I lye at leaſure.
Wanting true joy, I thinke on former pleaſure.
And then a dreame doth yeeld me ſome delight,
Sometimes againe my dreames doe me affright.
Me-thinkes I ſee thee with a viſage pale,
Telling to me a ſad and mournfull tale.
Then waking out of my blacke dreame, I riſe,
And for thy ſafety offer ſacrifice
With frankincenſe, which I with teares bedew,
So that in burning, it doth brighter ſhew.

As when we poure byle to a dying flame,
It doth begin to riſe, and blaze againe.
O when will that moſt happy ſeaſon come!
That I ſhall embrace thee at comming home,
Which ſuch a ſweet exceſſe of joy, till I
I anguiſh with pleaſure, and embracing dye.
When wilt thou tell me, when we are a bed,
How many thou in warre haſt conquered?
And in the midd'ſt of thy ſweet ſtory leave,
To kiſſe me, and a kiſſe from me receive;
While that a kiſſe is the full poynt to ſtay
Thy ſpeech, refreſhed by this ſweet delay.
But when I thinke of *Troy*, the Seas, and wind,
Then feare doth drive all hope out of my mind.
And I doe feare, becauſe thy ſhips are ſtay'd
By winds, as if to ſtay thee they aſſay'd.
Who will ſaile with croſſe wind to his owne land?
Thou from thy Countrey ſail'ſt, when winds withſtand:
Neptune will not permit you for to come
Vnto his City, and therefore come home.
Spare going (*Grecians*) the windes doe forbid,
And ſome divine power in the wind is hid.
By theſe warres you ſeeke onely to regaine
An Adultereſſe, ô turne your ſhips againe!
But why ſhould I recall thee back thus now?
Let calme winds ſmooth againe the Seas rough brow.
I envy now the *Trojan* Dames, who ſhall
With griefe behold their husbands funerall.
On her husbands head the new married Bride
Shall put a Helmet, and when ſhe hath ty'd
His armour cloſe unto him, and doth make
Him ready, ſhe a kiſſe from him ſhall take.
Such dutifull imployment is a bliſſe,
Her ſervice is rewarded with a kiſſe.

And being arm'd compleatly, then at large
She may give to him a most loving charge:
Charging him, as he tendereth her love,
To returne, and offer his armes to *Jove*.
And he obeying her command, will be
Carefull to fight abroad more warily.
And when he commeth home, she will unlace
His helmet, and him in her armes embrace.
To me in absence feare doth sorrow bring,
And I conceive the worst of every thing.
Yet while that thou unto the warres art gone,
I have thy Picture made in waxe at home.
And fondly untoit I often talke,
And doe embrace it, as by it I walke.
Thy shape in it so lively doth appeare,
Could it speake, it *Protesilaus* were.
On it I looke, and often it behold,
And for thy sake doe in my armes enfold;
And to thy Picture often I complaine,
As if thy Picture could reply againe.
By thee, in whom my Soule alone delights,
By our true love, and equall marriage rites;
And by thy life, which I doe wish you may
Bring back, although thy haire be turned gray;
I vow, if thou pleasest to send to me,
I will obey, and straightway come to thee,
For whether thou do'st chance to live, or dye,
In life and death I'le beare thee company.
Of my letter this shall the conclusion be,
Take care of thy selfe, if thou car'st for me.



The Argument of the fourteenth Epistle.

Danaus the Sonne of *Belus*, had by severall Wives fifty Daughters, unto whom his brother *Egyptus* desired to marry his fifty Sonnes, but *Danaus* having beene informed by the *Oracle*, that hee should dye by the hands of a Sonne in law, to avoid that danger, hee takes ship, and sailes to *Argos*. *Egyptus* being angry because hee had despised his offer, sends his Sonnes with an army to besiege him,

daying

charging them not to returne untill they had slaine *Danaus*, or marryed his Daughters. He enforced by siege yeeldeth up his Daughters, where with the Sword which their Father had given them, according to his command, at night when the young men warm'd with wine and iollity were fallen fast asleepe, every one kill'd her husband, except *Hypermnestra* onely, who out of compassion spared and preserved her Husband *Linus*, whom *Eusebius* calleth *Lynceus*, advising him to returne to his Father *Ægyptus*, and discovered the conspiracy. But her Father *Danaus* perceiving that all his Daughters had executed his will with bloudy obedience, excepting *Hypermnestra*, he commanded her to be kept in Prison. Whereupon in this Epistle shee entreates her Vncle and Husband *Linus*, whom shee had preserved, either to helpe her, and free her from her Captivity, or if shee dye to see her honourably buried. But at last *Linus* killed *Danaus*, and set her at liberty.

HYPERMNESTRA *to* LINVS.

Hypermnestra sends to thee who do'st remaine
Of many brothers by their owne Wives slaine.
I for thy sake am in close Prison pent,
And for saving thee doe endure punishment.
I am guilty because I did spare thy bloud,
" A prosperous wickednesse is counted good.
Yet I repent not, since that I had rather
Keepe my hand free from bloud, than please my father.
Though my father in that sacred fire may
Burne me, which we toucht on our wedding day,
Or with those Torches he may burne my face,
Which on our wedding-day did brightly blaze.
Or although he doe kill me with that sword,
Because to kill thee I could not afford.
He shall not make me say, that I repent
Of a good worke, it is not my intent.
I am griev'd for my sisters cruell fact,
" For sad repentance followes a bad act.

The

The ſad remembrance of that bloudy night,
Makes my heart and hand tremble while I write.
My husband could not by my hand have dy'd,
Which ſhakes, while I this murder would deſcribe.
Yet I will try: It was about twilight,
Which endeth day, and doth begin the night,
When as we fifty ſiſters were brought all,
With royall ſtate into the Caſtle hall.
Whereas *Ægyptus*, without dread or feare,
Receiv'd us for his Daughters, who arriv'd were.
The flaming Tapers ſhin'd like ſtars in heaven,
And ſweet incenſe unto the fire was given.
The common people did on *Hymen* cry,
But from this fatall marriage he did flie.
And *Juno* did from her owne City run,
Faire *Argos*, that ſhee might this wedding ſhun,
And now the young mens drunken heads were bound
About with flowers, and with Garlands crown'd.
The Bridemen with great joy, dreading no danger,
Did bring them to their fatall bridall chamber,
And laid their heavie bodies on the bed,
On which they were like funerall hearſes ſpread;
They being now with wine and ſleepe oppreſt,
And all the City quiet, and at reſt,
Me thought the groanes of dying men I heard,
And ſo it was, whereat I grew affeard.
So that my warme bloud, and my colour fled,
And left my body cold upon the bed.
As ſoft and gentle weſterne winds doe make
The corne to move, and *Aſpin* leaves to ſhake:
So I trembled, while thou laidſt at that time
Entranc'd with drinking ſleep procuring wine.
Thinking to obey my fathers ſad command
I ſate up, and tooke the ſword in my hand;

The truth I speake, three times I rais'd the sword
To strike, and yet to strike my hand abhorr'd:
My fathers command did my courage whet;
So that his sword unto thy throat I set.
But feare, and love would not let me proceed,
My chaste hand would not act that Tragick deed.
Then of my haire I toare the flaxen wealth,
And softly thus did reason with my selfe:
Hypermnestra, thou hast a cruell father,
Therefore obey his commands the rather,
Take courage, and obey thy fathers will,
And boldly with the rest thy husband kill.
Yet since I am a young maid, my hands be
Vnfit to act a bloudy Tragedie.
Yet imitate thy sisters now againe,
Who have by this time all their husbands slaine.
Yet if this hand a murder could commit,
To staine it with my owne bloud it were fit.
Doe they deserve death because they possesse
Our fathers kingdome? which yet ne'retheless
Some strangers might from him away have carried,
As dowries given them when we were married.
Though they deserve death, what shall we doe lesse,
If we commit this deed of wickednesse?
Mayds doe not love a sword, or killing toole,
My fingers fitter are to spin soft wooll.
Having thus complain'd, my teares began to rise,
And dropped on thy body from my eyes.
And while thy armes about me thou didst put,
Thy hand thou with the sword hadst almost cut.
And lest my father should surprise, and take thee,
With these words I did suddenly awake thee.
Rise *Linus*, who dost now alone survive,
Of all thy brethren none are left alive;

Make

Make haſte, I ſay, betake thy ſelfe to flight,
Make haſte, or elſe thou wilt be ſlaine to night.
Awak'd from ſleepe, thou didſt amazed ſtand,
To ſee the glittering ſword ſhine in my hand;
And I did wiſh thee for to fly away
By night, and ſave thy ſelfe, while I did ſtay.
In the morning when *Danaus* came to view
His ſons, which his moſt bloudy daughters ſlew;
He ſaw them laid in deaths eternall ſlumber,
Yet one was wanting to make up the number:
And angry that ſo little bloud was ſpill'd,
And becauſe I my husband had not kill'd;
My father without any love or care,
Drag'd me along even by my flaxen haire.
And ſtraightway did command I ſhould be caſt
Into priſon, this was my reward at laſt.
For *Juno* ſtill on us doth bend her brow,
Since *Jo* was transform'd into a Cow.
Yet puniſhment enough by her was borne,
When *Juno* did her to a Cow transforme.
When ſhe that was ſo faire, could not in height
Of pleaſure yeeld great *Jupiter* delight,
On the banke of the River *Inacus* now
Shee ſtood, cloath'd in the ſhape of a white Cow.
While in her fathers ſtreame both cleere and cold,
The ſhadow of her hornes ſhe did behold;
And low'd aloud, when ſhe to ſpeake aſſai'd,
Her ſhape and voice did make her both afraid.
Why doſt thou flie from thy owne ſelfe alas?
Or admire thy ſhape in that watry glaſſe.
Thus ſhe that was great *Jupiters* chiefe Laſſe,
Is enforc'd to feed on dry leaves and graſſe.
Thou drink'ſt ſpring water, and art in a maze,
When on thy ſhaddow thou do'ſt looke and gaze.

And of those spreading hornes which thou dost beare
Vpon thy head, thou seem'st to stand in feare;
And shee whose beauty *Jupiter* did wound,
Now lyeth every night on the bare ground,
O're hills and rivers thou abroad dost stray,
O're seas and countries thou dost find thy way.
And yet, O *Jo*, thou canst not escape,
Or changing places, change thy outward shape.
Thy selfe doth follow, while that thou dost flye,
Thy selfe doth alwayes beare thee company;
Where *Nilus* seven streames to the sea run,
There she unto her former shape did come.
But why should I such ancient Tales relate?
I have cause to complaine of my owne fate.
My Father and my Vncle doe wage warre,
And we out of our kingdome banisht are;
And he our royall Scepter now doth sway,
While miserable we like pilgrims stray:
Of fifty brethren thou alone art left,
For their deaths, and my sisters I have wept.
My sisters and my brothers both slaine were,
For whose sakes I can't chuse but shed a teare.
And because thou in safety dost survive,
To be tormented I am kept alive.
What punishment shall they expect that be
Guilty? when they for goodnesse condemne me.
And I must dye, because I would not spill
My brothers bloud, nor cruelly him kill,
If therefore thou respectest me, thy wife,
Or lovest me, because I say'd thy life;
Helpe me, or if I die, I thee desire,
To lay my body on the funerall fire.
Enbalme my bones with thy moist teares, and then
See that thou carefully doe burie them.

And

And let this Epitaph be engraved on
My Sepulchre, or on my Marble-ſtone,
" *Hypermneſtra* here underneath doth lye,
" That was ill rewarded for her piety.
" For ſhe moſt like unto a faithfull wife,
" Did loſe her owne, to ſave her husbands life.
My trembling hand is tired with the weight
Of chaines, or elſe I would more largely write.

The Argument of the fifteenth Epistle.

Paris, otherwise called *Alexander*, sailing to *Lacedemon* to fetch *Helena*, which *Venus* had promised him, was honourably received by *Menelaus*. But *Menelaus* and *Minos* kindred, going to *Crete*, to divide *Atreus* his wealth, left *Paris* at home, charging his wife to use him with as much respect as himself. But *Paris* improving the opportunity, began to woo and court *Helena* to gaine her love. In this

this Epistle hee artificially discovers his affection, and with amorous boasting indeavours to insinuate into her affection. And because hee knew that women love to heare their birth and beauty praised, Paris endeavours by flattery to gaine her favour, urging her praises, and striving to disgrace her husband. And at last perswades her to goe with him to *Troy*, where he would keepe her by force.

PARIS to HELENA.

Paris, sweet *Helen*, wisheth health to thee,
That health, which you can only give to me.
Shall I speake? or need not I my flame reveale?
You know I love you, nor can I conceale
My love, which I could wish might hidden be,
Till time did give me opportunity,
Without all feare most freely to discover
My selfe, to be your faithfull constant Lover.
But yee who can the fire of love conceale?
Which by 'its owne light doth it selfe reveale.
Yet if thou look'st that I my griefe should name,
Then know I love thee, these lines shew my flame;
And I intreate you to have pitty on me,
Because my present sufferings proceed from thee.
With a frowning countenance reade not the rest,
But such as may become thy beauty best.
Thy receipt of my Letters joyeth me,
And cherish hope, that I at last shall be
Receiv'd into thy favour, which I wish,
That *Venus* may her promise keepe in this.
For Loves faire mother first perswaded me,
To take this journey, in hope to gaine thee;
And lest thou should'st through ignorance offend,
By divine appointment I came to this end.
Venus perswaded me to undertake
This journey, which she would propitious make;

For

For since that *Venus* promis'd me, that you
Should be my wife, I challenge it as due.
For her perswasions made me to take ship
From *Troy*, and unto *Lacedemon* slip.
And she did make the wind most faire to stand,
She that's sprung from the sea might it command.
And as she smooth'd the sea, and calm'd the wind,
So may she make thy breast most soft and kind.
I did not find love here, I brought the flame
with me, and to obtaine thy love I came.
By wandring stormes I was not hither drove,
My ship was guided hither by true love.
Nor came I hither like a merchant man,
I have wealth enough, the gods it maintaine.
Nor yet the Grecian Cities here to view,
For richer in my Kingdome I can shew.
'Tis thee I aske, 'tis thee I only crave,
Whom *Venus* promis'd me, that I should have.
I askt thee of her, when I did not know thee,
She promis'd that she would on me bestow thee,
For of thy beauty I had heard by fame,
Before my eye had e're beheld the same;
Yet 'tis no wonder, if that *Cupids* Bowe
With feathered arrowes makes me cry *Amo*.
Since by unchanged fates 'tis so ordain'd,
Then doe not thou their hidden will withstand.
And that you may beleeve it is my fate,
Receive the truth, which I will here relate.
When that my mother was with child of me,
And daily did expect delivery:
She dream't, for in her dreame it so did seeme,
That of a firebrand she had deliver'd beene.
She rises, and to *Priam* doth unfold
Her dreame, which he unto his Prophets told.

Who

Who ſtraight foretold that *Paris* ſhould deſtroy,
And like a kindled brand ſet fire on *Troy*.
But I doe thinke they rather might divine,
That brar'd did ſignifie this love of mine.
And though I like a Shepherds ſon was bred,
My ſhape, and ſpirit ſoone diſcovered,
That I had not beene borne the ſonne of earth,
But that I claim'd nobility by birth.
In the *Idean* vallies there's a place,
Which many trees with a coole ſhade do grace,
Wherein no Sheepe doe feed, nor any Oxe,
Nor Goats, that love to climbe upon high Rocks.
Here looking towards *Troy*, and to the Sea,
I ſtood, and lean'd my ſelfe againſt a tree.
The truth I tell, me thought the earth then ſhook,
As if oppreſſed with ſome heavie foot.
And preſently ſwift *Mercury* from the skies
Deſcended downe, and ſtood before my eyes.
And therefore what I ſaw, I may unfold,
The god had in his hand a rod of gold.
And three goddeſſes, *Venus*, *Juno*, *Pallas*,
Did ſet their tender feet upon the graſſe.
Then cold amazement ſtiffned my long haire,
But winged *Mercurie* bid me not to feare.
"Thou art, ſaies he, choſen to judge, and end
"The matter, 'twixt theſe goddeſſes, who contend
"About their beauty, ſay then, which ſhall be
"Accounted the moſt beautifull of the three.
This meſſage I from *Jupiter* doe bring,
Which having ſaid, he from the earth did ſpring,
And through the aire did a quick paſſage make,
And by his words I did more courage take.
So that my mind more fortified grew,
And dreadleſſe I each one of them did view.

Who unto me so beautifull did appeare,
I could not judge, which of them faireſt were.
Yet one of them my fancy did approve,
Her beauty ſhew'd ſhe was the Queene of *Love*.
But they contending which ſhould faireſt be,
Did all with moſt rich gifts ſollicite me.
Juno did fairely promiſe I ſhould be
A mighty Monarch, *Pallas* promis'd me
Learning, ſo that a doubt did now ariſe,
Whether I would chuſe to be great, or wiſe.
But *Venus* ſmiling then, *Paris*, ſayes ſhe,
Thoſe gifts of theirs but glorious troubles be.
I'le give thee *Helena*, thou ſhalt hereafter
In thy armes imbrace *Leda's* fairer Daughter.
Thus both her gift, and beauty conquer'd me,
So that to her I gave the victory.
And afterward my fate ſo kind was growne,
That now to be the Kings ſonne I was knowne.
At my inſtalment all the Courts did joy,
Kept in a yearly feſtivall in *Troy*.
And as I lov'd, I was belov'd of many,
But for thy ſake I would not match with any.
Kings and Dukes daughters did of me approve,
And faireſt Nymphs with me did fall in love.
Yet all of them were but deſpis'd of me,
After I had this hope of marrying thee.
Day and night in my mind I thee did keepe,
And thinking on thee I ſhould fall aſleepe.
How comely would thy preſence ſure have beene,
Whoſe beauty wounded me although unſeene.
I was enflamed with a ſtrange deſire,
Burning when I was abſent from the fire.
My hopes I could no longer now containe,
But to ſea put forth, my wiſh to obtaine;

And

And now the lofty Phrygian Pines I fell'd,
And trees for building ships most fitting held.
The woods of *Garganus*, and *Ida* did yeeld
Great store of trees, wherewith I ships did build.
I built their decks, and lined the ships side
With plankes of Oake, which might a storme abide;
And I did rig, and tackle them beside,
with ropes, and sayles which to the yards were ty'd.
And I did set on the sterne of the ship,
The Image of those gods which did it keepe.
And on my owne ship I did make them paint
Venus and *Cupid*, that it might not want
Her safe protection, who had promis'd me,
By her assistance I should marry thee.
Soone as my fleet was builded thus, and fram'd,
To Sea I presently resolv'd to stand.
My father and mother, when I did require
Their leave to goe, would not grant my desire,
Or licence me, and therefore to have staid
My intended journey, both of them assai'd.
My sister *Cassandra* with loosen'd haire,
When as my ships even weighing anchor were,
Said, whither goest thou? thou shalt bring againe,
By crossing the seas, a destroying flame.
The truth she said, for I have found a fire,
Love hath enflam'd my soft breast with desire.
A faire wind from the Port my sailes did drive,
And I in *Hellens* countrey did arrive.
Where thy husband did me much kindnesse show,
And sure the gods decreed it should be so.
He shew'd me all that worthy was of sight
In *Lacedemon*, to breed me delight.
But there was nothing that my fancy tooke,
But only thee, and thy sweet beauteous looke:

For when I saw thee, I was even amaz'd,
My heart was wounded while on thee I gaz'd.
For I remember *Venus* was like thee,
When she would have her beauty judg'd by me.
And if thou hadst contended with her, I
Had surely given thee the victorie.
For the report of thee abroad was blowne,
Thy beauty was in every Countrey knowne.
For through all nations where the Sun doth rise,
Thy beauty only bore away the prize,
Beleeve me, fame did not report so much
As thou deserv'st, thy beauty seemeth such,
That *Theseus* did not thy love disdaine,
And to steale thee away did think't no shame;
When suiting to the *Lacedemonian* fashion,
Thou didst sport with the young men of thy Nation.
In stealing thee, I like his just desire,
But how he could restore thee, I admire.
For such a beautious prey had sure deserv'd,
To have beene kept, and constantly preserv'd.
For before thou should'st be tooke from my bed,
Before I would lose thee, I would lose my head.
Alas! could I have ever so forgone thee,
Or while I liv'd have let thee beene tooke from me?
Yet if I must restore thee needs at last,
I would have yet presum'd to touch, and taste
The golden apples of thy Virgin tree;
And not sent thee backe with Virginity.
Or if that I had spar'd thy Virgin treasures,
I would have rifled some other pleasures.
Then grant thy love to *Paris*, who will be,
While I doe live, most constant unto thee.
I will be constant to your owne desire,
My love, and life shall both at once expire,

Before

Before great kingdomes I preferred thee,
Which royall *Juno* promis'd unto me.
And learning, *Pallas* gift, I did refuse,
And to enjoy thy sweet selfe I did chuse.
When *Juno*, *Venus*, and faire *Pallas* too,
Their naked beauties unto me did shew;
And in the *Idean* vallies did not grudge,
In case of beauty to make me their Judge,
Yet I doe not repent of my election,
My mind is constant to my first affection.
I beseech thee let not my hope prove vaine.
Who spar'd no labour in hope thee to gaine.
Beneath your selfe you need not to decline,
Your birth is noble, so is also mine
So that if we doe match, you cannot fall
Beneath your birth, or be disgrac'd at all.
For if you search into my pedigree,
Jove and *Electra* are of kin to me
And my father *Priam* doth the Scepter sway,
Of the great'st kingdome in all *Asia*
Many Cities and faire Horses thou shalt see,
And Temples suiting the gods Majestie.
Thou shalt see *Troy*, with Towres encompass'd round,
Whose walls *Apollos* Harpe at first did sound.
Besides there are such store of people here,
The Land the people cannot hardly beare.
Great troopes of *Trojan* Matrons thou shalt meet,
And store of *Trojan* wives in every street.
The poverty of *Greece* thou wilt then pitty,
When thou seest one house as rich as a City.
Yet *Sparta* I cannot contemne with scorne,
Because thou in that happy Land wert borne.
But *Sparta* is poore, and cannot afford thee
Dressings, which with thy beauty may agree.

That face of thine ought not to be content
With some common, but a curious ornament.
And it is fit thou should'st the old lay by,
And every day weare some fresh raritie.
When the habite of the *Trojans* you doe see,
You may thinke womens habits richer be.
Then *Helen* grant me love, doe not disdaine
A *Trojan*, who thy favour would obtaine.
He was a *Trojan* from our bloud descended,
Who with this heavenly office was befriended
To fill *Joves* Cup, and with water allay
The strength of his *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*.
A *Trojan* in *Aurora* tooke delight,
Who doth begin the day, conclude the night.
Anchises was descended too from *Troy*,
Whom the Queene of Love desired to enjoy;
And did descend in the *Idean* Vally,
In amorous wayes to sport with him and dally.
I am a *Trojan* too, and if in truth
You should compare my beauty, and my youth
With *Menelaus*. I suppose that he
Should not in your choyce be prefer'd to me,
By matching with me thou shalt not be kin
To such as bloudy *Atreus* hath bin,
Who with the flesh of men his Horses fed,
From which sight the Sunnes frighted Horses fled.
My Grandfather did not his Brother kill,
As *Menelaus* Grandfather, who did spill
Myrtilus bloud, who being murder'd so,
He into the *Myrtoan*-sea did throw.
Nor yet our great Grandfather catcheth after,
(Like unto *Tantalus* in the *Stygian* water)
Apples and water, which are both so nigh
His lips, and yet from his touch'd lips doe flie,

Yet

Yet if from them thou hast descended beene,
Jove would me wish to be to thee a kin,
Yet unworthy *Menelaus* takes delight
In thee, and doth enjoy thee every night:
I scarcely can behold thee at the Table,
And there to looke on thee I am not able;
For at that very time I obserue, and find
Many things, that doe much offend my mind;
For when the banquet is brought in, then I
Doe wish my roome unto my enemy.
For it doth grieve me when I doe behold,
How with his armes he doth thy neck infold,
And I could blush, when he before my face
Doth thy small wast so clownishly embrace.
And it did breake my heart when I did see,
How he would cast his turr'd gowne over thee,
And when that he would give thee kisses soft,
I put the cup before my eyes full oft.
His close embraces I did never brooke,
For I beheld them with a down-cast looke.
My meate, as if within my mouth it grew,
I most unwillingly did seeme to chew.
And I sigh'd often, which when thou did'st see,
Thou oftentimes would'st smile, and laugh at me,
Then I would strive to quench my flame with wine,
But love through drunkennesse most cleere doth shine.
When I look'd away, lest I more should see,
Thy beauty made me looke againe on thee.
It grieved me to looke on my disgrace,
But griev'd me more not to looke on thy face;
And I did strive my passion for to hide,
But oh! dissembled love is sooneſt spy'd.
I doe not flatter thee, thou do'st perceive
That I did love thee, nor could I deceive:

Thou diſcern'ſt my love, which I wiſh may be
Knowne to thy ſelfe alone, and none but thee.
When teares did ſpring, I turn'd away my head,
Leſt *Menelaus* ſhould aske why I them ſhed.
How oft have I told fained tales of love?
Hoping I might thereby your favour move,
Vnder a fained name hoping to move you,
But it was I indeed did truly love you.
And that I might my mind more freely ſpeake,
A wanton drunkenneſſe I would counterfeit.
I remember once thy boſome open lay,
And to my view thy white breaſts did betray;
Thy faire breaſts which were farre more white in ſhew
Than pureſt milke, or the new fallen Snow;
Or whiter than that Swans faire downy feather,
When *Jupiter* and *Leda* lay together.
When I beheld them, I was ſo amaz'd,
My Ring fell from my finger as I gaz'd.
When thou kiſſedſt my Daughter, I would not miſſe
To take thy kiſſe off with another kiſſe.
And ſometimes I ſome ancient ſong would ſing,
Of thoſe that heretofore had lovers beene.
Sometimes by ſecret ſignes my love was ſhowne,
And by a nod or wink I made it knowne.
Then to *Clymene* and *Æthra* I did ſhew
My griefe, and both of them began to wooe
Thy waiting-maids, who when I had begun
They both did leave me before I had done.
And I doe wiſh the gods had beene ſo bent,
To have made thee prize of a Turnament.
That he that got the victory, might beare thee
Out of the field, and he that wonne thee weare thee.
As *Hippomanes* faire *Atalanta* won,
Who all her former ſuiters had outrun.

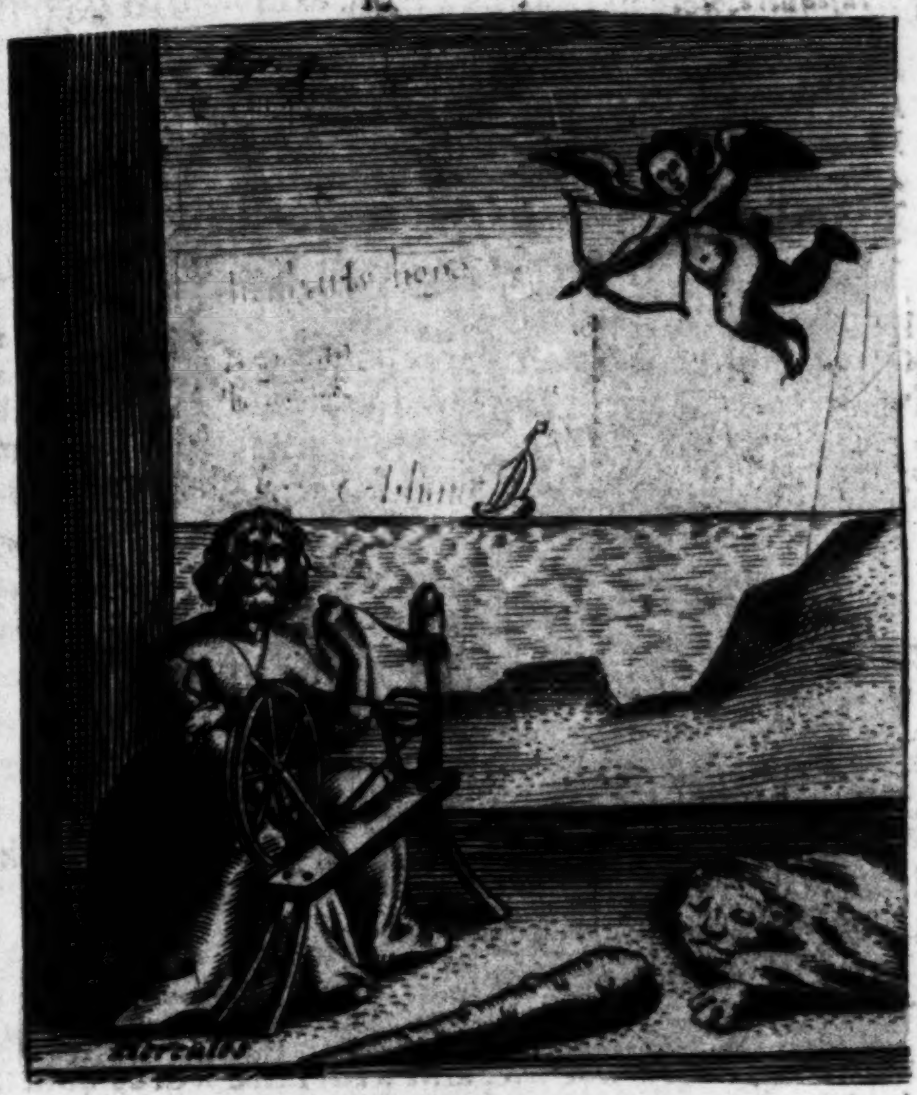
Thou

Thou in the *Phrygian* Cities ſhalt be ſeene.
Like *Hippodamia* brought in like a Queene
By *Pelops*, and as ſtout *Alcides* brake
Achelous hornes for *Deianira's* ſake;
So by ſome valiant adventure, I
Would win thee by ſome act of chivalry.
But now I can but beg of thy ſweet beauty,
And at thy feet proſtrate my ſelfe in duty.
O thou that art thy brothers only glory,
To whom even *Jove* himſelfe could not be ſcorny
To be a husband, if ſo be you were
Not by birth deſcended from *Jupiter*.
Either I will returne to *Troy* with thee,
Or here in thy *Laconia* buried be.
Loves arrow hath ſo wounded my ſoft breſt,
That it unto the very bone hath pierc'd.
My ſiſter truly propheci'd of me,
That with loves arrow I ſhould wounded be.
Then ſince (ſweet *Hellen*) 'tis ordain'd by fate,
That I ſhould love thee, pitty my eſtate;
Doe not contemne my love, but my ſuit heare,
So may the gods attend unto thy prayer.
If thou would'ſt let me lye with thee to night,
More I could ſay, that ſhould breed thy delight,
To wrong thy husband ſo, art thou aſham'd;
Or that thy marriage bed ſhould ſo be ſtain'd?
O *Helen*! thou a countrey conſcience haſt!
Doſt thou imagine to be faire and chaſt?
Either change thy beauty, or more loving be,
For beauty is a foe to Chaſtity.
Venus doth love Loves ſtollen fruit to gather,
And *Jupiters* ſcapes did make him thy father.
Then how can'ſt thou be chaſt, if thou take after
Jupiter and *Leda*? thou art their daughter.

Mai'ſt thou be chaſt when thou to *Troy* art brought,
And for thy rape may I be held in fault.
Let's now offend, and after mend our life,
When, as *Venus* promiſed, thou art my wife.
Beſides thy husbands actions doe commend
The ſame to thee, who that he might befriend
His gueſt, abſents himſelfe, to give us leaſure,
And opportunity to enjoy pleaſure.
To goe to *Creete* he thought it time moſt fit,
O he's a man of a horneable wit!
Which at his departure was well expreſt,
When he bid thee uſe well his *Trojan* gueſt.
Thy abſent husbands will thou do'ſt neglect,
Thou tak'ſt no care of me, nor me affect.
Being ſo ſenſeleſſe, thinke'ſt thou that he
Can prize thy beauty, or elſe valew thee.
He cannot, for if he had knowne the danger;
He had not bid thee be kind to a ſtranger.
Although my words, nor love cannot move thee,
Let us improve this opportunity.
Then thy husband our ſelves ſhall ſhew more folly,
If we loſe time, through baſhfull melancholly;
To be thy Paramour he offer'd me,
Make uſe then of his weake ſimplicity.
For thou do'ſt lye alone, and ſo doe I,
'Twere better if we did together lye.
Let us enjoy our ſelves, for I doe ſay,
"Midnight ſport yeelds more pleaſure than the day.
Then thou ſhalt have faire promiſes of me,
And I will bind my ſelfe to marry thee.
For I doe vow, if that thou canſt beleeve me,
For one nights lodging I'le a Kingdome give thee.
And if thou can'ſt but ſo beleeving be,
Vnto my Kingdome thou ſhalt goe with me,

That thou followd'ſt me it ſhall not be thought,
For I alone will beare the blame, and fault.
As *Theſeus* did, my actions ſhall be ſuch,
And his example may thee neerely touch.
For *Theſeus* did carry thee away.
Caſtor and *Pollux* ſo did alſo ſtray,
And I will be the fourth, my love's as ample
To thee, and I will follow their example.
My *Trojan* Fleete for thee doth ready ſtay,
And when you pleaſe, we ſoone may ſaile away.
Thou in *Troys* Citie ſhalt live as a Queene,
Ador'd as if thou had'ſt ſome goddeſſe beene.
And whereſoever thou do'ſt pleaſe to be,
The people ſhall offer ſacrifice to thee.
Thy kindred, and the *Trojans* ſhall preſent
Gifts unto thee, with humble complement.
I cannot here deſcribe thy happineſſe,
Farre above that my Letter doth expreſſe.
Let not the feare of warres thy thoughts amaze,
Or that all *Greece* will ſtraight great forces raiſe
To fetch thee backe, who have they fetcht againe?
Beleeve me, thoſe feares are but fond, and vaine.
The *Thracians Orithya* tooke away,
Yet no wars after troubled *Thracia*.
Jaſon from *Colchos* brought away *Medea*,
And yet no wars did waſte *Theſſalia*.
Phædra and *Ariadne* ſtollen were
By *Theſeus*, yet *Minos* made no warre.
" Dangers may ſeeme farre greater than they are,
" And feare may be without all ground of feare.
Suppoſe too (if you pleaſe) wars ſhould enſue,
Yet I by force, their forces could ſubdue.
My Countrey can to yours yeeld equall forces,
For it hath ſtore of Men, and ſtore of horſes:

Nor can your husband *Menelaus* shew
More valiant courage, than *Paris* can doe.
For when I was but a young stripling, I
Did rescue our flocks from the enemy;
Who did intend to drive away them all,
Whereon they did me *Alexander* call.
And of *Ilioneus*, and *Deiphobus* I,
When I was young, did get the victory.
And as in single combat I play'd my part,
So with my Bow I could hit any marke.
And I know *Menelaus* was not such
A forward youth, nor could he doe so much.
Besides, *Hector's* my brother, who may stand
In account of Souldiers, for a whole band.
My strength, and forces are unknowne to thee,
Nor knowest thou what a Husband I shall be.
And therefore, either no warres shall ensue,
Or *Trojans* forces shall the *Greekes* subdue.
Yet I could be content for such a Wife
" To fight: there's credit in a noble strife.
Besides, if all the world should fight for thee,
Thou shalt be famous to posterity.
Sweet *Hellen* then consent to goe with me,
What I have promis'd, shall performed be.



The Argument of the sixteenth Epistle.

Hellena having read *Paris* his Epistles; in her answer seemes at first offended, and chides him, and for modesties sake obiects against his perswasions, proving them idle, but so that shee rather gives, then takes away encouragement from him to proceed in his suit, thereby shewing a womans crafty wit, according that of *Ovid*, in his Art of ove.

Forsitan & primò veniet tibi littera tristis,
Quæ, rogat, vè se sollicitare velis.
Quod rogat illa timet; quod non rogat, optat ut instes,
Insequere, &c.

At first perhaps her Letter will be sowre,
And on thy hopes her paper seeme to lowre;
In which shee will conjure thee to be mute,
And charge thee to forbeare thy hated suite.
Tush, what she most forwarnes, she most desires,
In frosty woods are hid the hottest fires.

At last shee seemes to consent to *Paris* desire, adviſing him as a more safe and honest course, not to write his desire, but impart his mind to her waiting-Mayds *Clymene* and *Æthra*, hee dealing with them, so farre prevailed, that hee brought both *Hellena* and them to *Troy*.

Helena's *Answer to* Paris.

SInce thy wanton Letter did my eyes infect
When I did reade it, why should I neglect
To answer it? Since to answer it can be
No breach of chastity at all in me.
What boldnesse was it in thee, thus to break
All lawes of hospitality, and to speake
Thus by your Letter? thereby for to move
My affection, and sollicite me for love.
Didst thou on purpose saile unto our Port?
That thou might'st wooe me, and with faire words court.
And had not we power to avoid this danger?
And shut our Palace gate against a stranger?
Who dost requite our love with injurie?
Didst thou come as a guest, or enemie?
I know my just complaint will seeme to thee,
To proceed from rudenesse, and rusticity.

Let

Let me ſeeme rude, ſo I preſerve my fame,
And keepe my honour free from ſpot or ſtaine.
Although my countenance be not ſad or ſowre,
Though with bent browes I doe not ſit and lowre;
Yet I have kept my cleere fame without ſpot,
No man hath in my Tables found a blot.
So that I wonder whence thy enccouragement
Proceedeth, that thou ſhouldſt my love attempt.
Becauſe once *Theſeus* ſtole me as a prey,
Shall I the ſecond time be ſtolne away?
It had beene my fault had I given conſent,
But being ſtolne, againſt my will I went.
And yet he gather'd not my Virgin flower,
He us'd no violence, though I was in's power:
Some kiſſes only he did ſtriving gaine,
But no more kindneſſe could from me obtaine.
Such is thy wantonneſſe, thou wouldſt not be,
Like him content alone with kiſſing me.
He brought me back untoucht, his modeſtie
Seem'd to excuſe his former injury;
And plainly it appear'd, that the young man
For ſtealing me grew penitent againe.
But *Paris* comes when *Theſeus* is falne off,
That *Helena* may be ſtill the worlds ſcoffe.
Yet with a Lover who can be offended?
If thy love prove true as thou haſt pretended.
This I doe doubt, although I doe not feare,
My beauty can command love any where.
But becauſe Women ſhould not ſoone beleeve men,
For men with flattering words doe oft deceive them.
Though other Wives offend, and that a faire one
Is ſeldome chaſt, yet I will be that rare one.
Becauſe you thinke my Mother did offend,
By her example you thinke me to bend.

My

My Mother was deceiv'd, *Jove* to her came
In the shape of a milke-white feather'd Swan.
If I offend 'tis not by ignorance,
For no mistake can shaddow my offence.
And yet her errour may be happy thought,
" For to offend with greatnesse is no fault.
But I should not be happy, if I erre,
Since I should not offend with *Jupiter*.
Of royall kindred thou dost boast to me,
But *Jov's* the Fountaine of Nobility.
Nay though from *Jupiter* thy selfe doe spring,
And *Pelops*, and *Atreus* be to thee a Kin;
Jupiter's my Father, who himselfe did cover
With a Swans feathers, and deceiv'd my Mother.
Goe reckon now the Pedigree of thy Nation,
And talke of *Priam*, and *Laomedon*,
Whom I doe reverence, yet thou shalt be
Remov'd from *Iupiter*, to the fift degree;
And I but one; and albeit that *Troy*
Be a great land, such is this we enjoy.
Though it for wealth, and stoare of men excell,
The Land is barbarous, where thou do'st dwell.
Yet thy Letter promises such gifts to me,
That goddesses might therewith tempted be,
But if I may with modesty so speake,
Thy selfe, and not thy gifts my fancy take.
For either I'le keep my integrity,
Or for thy love, not gifts, I'le goe with thee.
Though I despise them not, if e're I take
Those gifts, it shall be for the givers sake.
For when thy gifts have no power to move me,
I doe esteeme this more that thou do'st love me.
And that thou should'st a painfull voyage take
Through the rough Seas, and all even for my sake.

And I doe marke thy carriage at the Table,
Although I to diſſemble it am able.
Sometimes thou wantonly wilt on me glance,
And put me almoſt out of countenance.
Sometimes thou ſigh'ſt, and then the cup do'ſt take,
And to drinke where I did drinke, do'ſt pleaſure take.
And ſometimes with thy fingers, or a winke,
Thou cloſely would'ſt expreſſe what thou did'ſt thinke.
And I confeſſe I have bluſh't many times,
For feare my husband ſhould diſcerne thy ſignes.
And oftentimes unto my ſelfe I ſaid,
If he were ſhameleſſe he would be diſmaid.
And on the Table thou haſt many a time
Faſhion'd, and drawne forth with a little wine
Thoſe letters, which my name did plainly ſhow,
And underneath them thou haſt writ, *Amo*.
I lookt on it, but ſeem'd not to beleeve thee,
But now this word *Amo* doth alſo give me.
By theſe allurements thou my heart might'ſt bend,
If that I would have yeelded to offend.
I muſt confeſſe thou haſt a beautious face,
Might win a Mayd to yeeld to thy embrace.
Let ſome one rather honeſtly enjoy thee,
Then that a ſtrangers love ſhould ſo deſtroy me.
To reſiſt the power of beauty learne by me,
"Vertue abſtaines from things which pleaſing be,
By how many young men have I wooed beene?
That beauty *Paris* ſees, others have ſeene.
Thou art more bold, but they as much did ſee,
Nor haſt more courage, but leſſe modeſty.
I would thy ſhip had then arrived here,
When a thouſand youths for my love Suiters were.
For before a thouſand I had preferr'd thee,
Nay, even my husband muſt have pardon'd me.

But thou haſt ſtay'd too long, and haſt ſo triſl'd
That all my Virgin joyes are gone and rifled.
Thou wert too ſlow, therefore ſuppreſſe thy flame,
What thou deſir'ſt, another doth obtaine.
Though to have beene thy Wife I doe wiſh ſtill,
Menelaus enjoyes me, not 'gainſt my will.
Ceaſe with faire words to mollifie my breaſt,
If you love me, let it be ſo expreſt.
Let me live as fortune hath allotted me,
Doe not ſeeke to corrupt my chaſtity.
But *Venus* promis'd thee in the *Idean* wood,
When three mak'd goddeſſes before thee ſtood,
One promiſed a Kingdome unto thee,
T'other that thou in warres ſhould'ſt proſprous be.
But *Venus*, who was the third in this ſtrife,
Did promiſe *Helena* ſhould be thy wife.
I ſcarce beleeve the goddeſſes would be
In a caſe of beauty judg'd ſo by thee.
Were tho firſt true, the latter part is fain'd,
That ſhe gave thee me, for judgement obtain'd.
I doe not thinke my beauty ſuch, that ſhe
Could thinke to bribe thy judgement by that fee.
I am content that men may beauty prize,
That beauty *Venus* praiſes, ſhe envies.
There's no aſſurance in a ſtrangers love,
As they doe wander, ſo their love doth rove.
And when you hope to find moſt conſtancy,
Their love doth coole, and they away doe flye.
Witneſſe *Ariadne* and *Hypſipyle*,
Whoſe lawleſſe love procur'd their miſery.
And it is ſaid, thou did'ſt *Oenone* wrong,
Forſaking her, whom thou had'ſt lov'd ſo long.
This by thy ſelfe cannot denyed be,
For know I tooke care to enquire of thee.

Beſides

Beſides if thou had'ſt a deſire to prove
Conſtant in thy affection, and true love;
Yet thou would'ſt be compell'd at leaſt to faile,
And with thy *Trojans* thou away would'ſt ſaile.
For if the wiſhed night appointed were,
Thou would'ſt be gon, if that the wind ſtood faire.
And when our pleaſures grew unto the height,
Thou would'ſt be gone, if that the wind ſtood right:
So by a faire wind I ſhould be bereft
Of joyes even in the mid'ſt imperfect left.
Or as thou perſwad'ſt ſhall I follow thee
To *Troy*, and ſo great *Priam's* Daughter be.
Yet I doe not ſo much contemne ſwift fame,
That I would ſticke diſgrace upon thy name.
What would *Priam*, and his Wife thinke of me
With's Daughters, and thy brothers which many be?
What might *Sparta*, and *Greece* of *Hellen* ſay?
Or what might *Troy* report, and *Aſia*?
And how canſt thou hope I ſhould faithfull prove?
And not to others, as to thee grant love?
So that if a ſtrange ſhip doe arrive here,
It will procure in thee a jealous feare.
And in thy rage call me adultereſſe,
When thou art guilty of my wickedneſſe.
Thou that did'ſt cauſe my fault, wilt me upbraid,
O may I firſt into my grave be laid!
But I ſhall have *Troy's* wealth, goe rich and brave,
And more than thou canſt promiſe, I ſhall have.
Tiſſue, and Cloth of gold they ſhall preſent me.
And ſtoare of gold ſhall for a gift be ſent me.
Yet pardon me, thoſe gifts cannot inflame me,
I know not how thy Land would entertaine me.
If in the *Trojan* Land I ſhould wrong'd be,
How could my brother, or father helpe me?

False *Jason* with faire promises begnild
Medea, who was afterward exil'd.
Her father *Æëtes* was not there, to whom,
When she was scorn'd by *Jason*, she might come.
Nor her mother *Ipsea*, to whom she,
Might returne, nor her sister *Chalciope*.
I feare not this, nor was *Medea* afraid,
"For those who meane best, soonest are betray'd.
Ships in the harbour do in safety ride,
But are tost at Sea, and doe stormes abide.
And that same fire-brand too affrighteth me,
Of which thy mother dreamt, and thought that she
Had been deliver'd, and besides too I
Doe feare *Cassandra's* dismall prophesie;
Who did foretell, as truth did her inspire,
The *Greekes* should wast the City *Troy* with fire.
And besides, as faire *Venus* favours thee,
Because thy judgement gave her the victory;
I feare the other goddesses doe grudge
At thee, because thou did'st against them judge.
And I doe know that wars may follow after,
Our fatall love shall be reveng'd with slaughter,
Yet to allow her praise I am content,
Why should I question that which she hath meant?
Yet for my slow beliefe be not thou griev'd,
For such great matters hardly are beleev'd.
First I am glad that *Venus* did regard me,
Secondly, that with me she did reward thee.
And that *Hellen*, when you of her beauty heard,
Was before *Pallas* and *Juno's* gifts preferr'd.
Am I both Wisdome, and Kingdome to thee?
Since thou lov'st me, should I no kindnesse shew thee?
I'me not so cruell, yet cannot incline
To love him, who I feare cannot be mine.

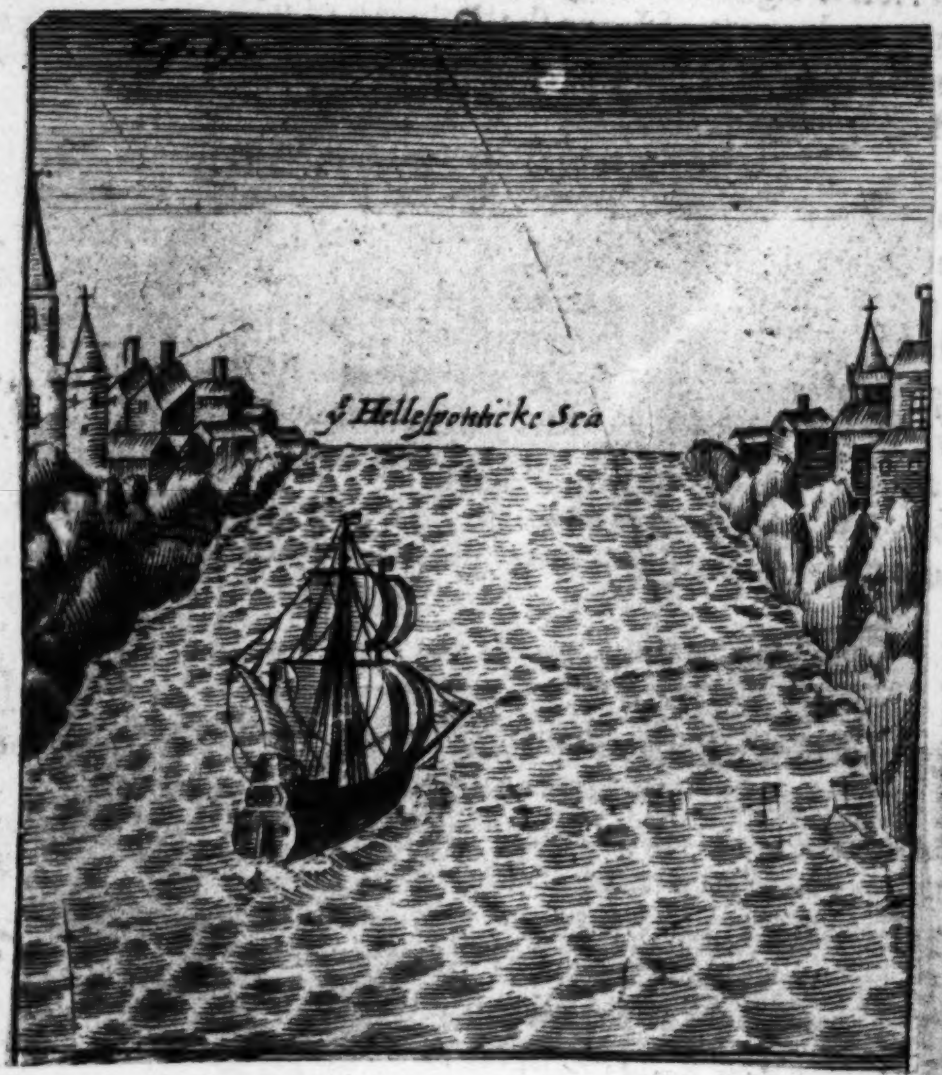
For

For ſuppoſe I to Sea would goe with thee,
To ſteale hence I have no opportunity.
In lov's thefts I am ignorant and rude,
Heaven knowes my husband I did ne're delude:
And in a Letter thus my mind to ſhew,
Is a taske, I before did never doe.
They are happy that doe uſe it every day,
To offend it is hard to find the way.
A kind of painfull feare reſtraineth me,
And how they looke on us me-thinkes I ſee.
Of the grumbling people I am much afraid,
For *Æthra* told me long ſince what they ſaid.
But take no notice, nor doe thou deſiſt,
I know you can diſſemble if you liſt,
Then ſport and ſpare not, but let us be wary,
And if not chaſt, let us at leaſt be chary,
For though that *Menelaus* abſent be,
I muſt diſcreetly uſe my liberty.
For though he is on earneſt buſineſſe gone,
And for this journey had occaſion;
I tooke occaſion thus my love to ſhow,
Make haſte to returne, Sweet-heart, if you goe.
And he ſtraightway to recompence my wiſh,
Of his returne, gave me a joyfull kiſſe.
Charging me that my care ſhould be expreſt
In looking to his houſe, and *Trojan* gueſt.
I ſmil'd, and to him could ſay nought at all,
I ſtriv'd to refraine laughing, with, I ſhall.
So with a proſp'rous wind he ſail'd to *Creet*,
Yet to doe, what thou do'ſt liſt, is not meet.
Me kept in his abſence with guards moſt ſtrong,
Do'ſt thou not know the hands of Kings are long?
Beſides, thou wrong'ſt us both, in praiſing me,
For when he heares it he will jealous be.

The

The fame of beauty maketh me suspected,
I would I had the fame of it neglected.
Though to leave us together he thought fit,
To my owne keeping he did me commit.
"He knew there could no better gardian be,
"To keepe me chaste, than my owne honesty.
He fear'd my beauty, but my chastity
Did take away that idle jealousie.
To make use of time thou advisest me,
Since his absence gives opportunitie.
I must confesse I have a good mind to it,
But am yet unresolv'd, and feare to doe it.
Besides, you know my husband is from home,
And you without a wife doe lye alone.
The Nights are long, and while we sit together
In one house, we may talke unto each other.
And woe is me! when we are both alone,
I know thou hast a faire alluring tongue.
Thus every circumstance seemes to invite me,
And nothing but a bashfull feare doth fright me.
Since perswasions doe no good, leave that course
And make me leave this bashfulnesse by force.
Such force would seeme a welcome injury.
And I would faine be thus compell'd by thee.
Yet let me rather my new love restraine,
A little water quenches a young flame.
Did not the stout inhabitants of *Thessalia*
Fight with the *Centaure* for *Hippodamia*?
And do'st thou not thinke *Menelaus* hath,
And *Tyndarus* as violent a wrath?
Although of valour thou do'st boast to me,
Thy words and amorous face doe not agree.
Thou art not fit for *Mars*, nor for the field,
But for *Venus* combats, which doe pleasures yeeld.

Let valiant hardy men of wars approve,
But *Paris* follow thou the wars of love.
Let *Hector* fight for thee, whom thou dost praise,
The gentle wars of Love shall give thee Bayes.
And in these wars 'tis wisedome for to fight,
And any Maid that's wise will take delight.
Nor upon idle points of modesty stand,
I may perhaps in time give thee my hand.
But it is your desire, that you and I
Should meet, I know what you doe meane thereby.
Thus farre this guilty Letter hath reveal'd
A piece of my mind, the rest is conceal'd.
By *Clymene* and *Æthra* we may further
Make knowne our minds, more fully to each other.
For these two Maidens in such matters be
Companions, and Counsellers to me.



The Argument of the seventeenth Epistle.

The Sea of *Hellespont* being seven furlongs over, and as *Plinie* witnesseth dividing *Europe* from *Asia*, had on the one side *Sestos* in *Europe* where *Hero* lived, and *Abydon* in *Asia* where *Leander* dwelled being two opposite Cities. *Leander* of *Abydon* being deeply in love with *Hero* of *Sestos*, did use to swim by night unto her over the *Hellespont*: but being hindered by the tempestuous roughnesse of the Sea

after seven dayes were past, he sent this Letter to his sweet-heart *Hero*, by an adventurous Ship-master that put forth to Sea in the storme. Wherein he sheweth first that his love is firme, and constant Afterward he complaineth that the roughnesse of the Sea should hinder him from swimming to her. Lastly, he promiseth her that hee will venture to come, and expose himselfe to the dangers of the Sea, rather than to want the sight of her, or her sweet company. Whence *Martiall* thus of him singeth.

Cum peteret dulces audax Leander amores
Et fessus tumidis iam premeretur aquis;
Sic miser instantes affatus dicitur undas;
Parcite dum propero, mergite dum redeo.

While bold *Leander* to his Sweet-heart swims,
And swelling waves did beate his weary limbs,
To the billowes that beat him so,
'Tis said, that thus he spake;
Spare me while I to *Hero* go,
Drowne me when I come backe.

LEANDER *to* HERO.

MY love *Leander* wisheth thee all health,
(*Hero*) which I had rather bring my selfe,
For if the rough Seas had more calmer beene,
From *Abydos* to *Sestos* I would swim.
If the fates smile upon our love, then I
Doe know, thou wilt reade my lines willingly.
This paper-messenger may welcome be,
But thou had'st rather have my company.
But the fates frowne, and will not suffer me,
(As I was used) to swim unto thee.
The skie is black, the Seas are rough, alas,
So that no Ship, or Barke from home dare passe.
Yet one bold Ship-master went from our Haven,
To whom this present Letter I have given.

And had come with him, but the *Abydians* stayd
Vpon their watch-towers, while the Anchor way'd.
For pretently they would have me discri'd,
And discern'd our love, which we seeke to hide.
Forthwith this Letter I did write, and so
I said unto it, happy Letter goe;
This is thy happinesse, thou must understand,
That *Hero* shall receive thee with her hand.
And perhaps thou shalt kisse her rosie lips,
While with her teeth the Seale she open rips.
Having spoke these words, then my right hand after
Did write these words upon this silent Paper.
But I doe wish, that my right hand might be
Not us'd in writing but to swim to thee:
It is more fit to swim, yet I can write
My mind with ease, and aptely can endite.
Seven nights are past, which seeme to me a yeare,
Since first the Seas with stormes enraged were.
These nights seem'd long to me, I could not sleepe,
To thinke the Sea should still his roughnesse keepe.
Those Torches which on thy Towre burning be
I saw, or else I thought that I did see.
Thrice I put off my cloathes, and did begin
Three times to make tryall, if I could swim.
But swelling Seas did my desire oppose,
Whose rising billowes o're my face o'reflowes.
But *Boreas*, who art the fiercest wind,
Why thus to crosse me, do'st thou bend thy mind?
Thou do'st not storme against the Seas, but me,
Had'st thou not beene in love, what would'st thou be?
Though thou art cold, yet once thou did'st approve
Orithya, who did warme thy heart with love.
And would'st have vex'd it with *Orithya* faire
Thy passage had beene hindred through the ayre.

O spare me then, and calme thy blustring wind,
Even so may'st thou from *Æolus* favour find.
But I perceive he murmurs at my Prayer,
And still the Seas are rough, and stormy are.
I wish that *Dedalus* would give wings to me,
Though the *Icarian* Seas not farre off be,
Where *Icarus* did fall, when he did proffer
To flye too high, let me the same chance suffer;
While flying through the ayre to thee I come,
As through the water I have often swom.
But since both wind, and Seas denie to me
My passage, think how I first came to thee.
It was at that time when night doth begin,
(The remembrance of past pleasures pleasure bring)
When I who was *Amans*, which we translate
A Lover, stole out of my Fathers Gate,
And having put off all my cloathes strait way,
My armes through the moyst Seas did cut their way.
The Moone did yeeld a glimmering light to me,
Which all the way did beare me company.
I looking on her, said some favour have
Towards me, and thinke upon the *Latmian* Cave.
O favour me! for thy *Endymions* sake,
Prosper this stollen journey which I take.
A mortals love made thee come from thy Sphere,
And she I love, is like a goddesse faire.
For none unlesse that she a goddesse be,
Can be so vertuous, and so faire as she.
Nay, none but *Venus*, or thy selfe can be
So faire, view her, if you'le not credit me.
For as thy silver beames doe shine more bright
Than lesser streames, which yeeld a dimmer light:
Even so of all faire ones she is rarest,
And *Cynthia* cannot doubt but the's the fairest.

When I these words, or else the like had said,
My passage through the Sea by night I made.
The Moones bright beames were in the water sceant,
And 'twas as light as if it day had beene.
No noise or voyce unto my teares did come,
But the murmure of the water when I swom.
Only the *Alcyons* for lov'd *Ceyx* sake,
Seemed by night a sweet complaint to make.
But when my armes to grow tir'd did begin,
Vnto the top of the waves I did spring.
But when I saw thy Torch, O then quoth I,
Where that fire blazeth, my faire Love doth lye.
For that same shoare, said I, doth her containe,
Who is my goddesse, my fire, and my flame.
These words to my armes did such strength restore,
Me thought the Sea grew calmer than before.
The coldnesse of the waves I seem'd to scorne,
For love did keepe my amorous heart still warme.
The neerer I came to the shoare, I find
The greater courage and more strength of mind.
But when I could by thee discerned be,
Thou gav'st me courage by looking on me.
Then to please thee, my Mistresse, I begin
To spread my armes abroad, and strongly swim.
Thy Nurse from leaping downe could scarce stay thee,
This without flattery I did also see,
And though she did restraine thee, thou didst come
Downe to the shoare, and to the waves didst run,
And to imbrace and kisse me didst begin,
"The gods to get such kisses sure would swim.
And thy owne garments thou would'st put on me,
Drying my haire which had beene wet at Sea.
What past besides, the Tower, and we do know,
And Torch, which through the sea my way did show.

The

The joyes of that night we no more can count,
Than drops of water in the *Hellespont*.
And becauſe we had ſo little time for pleaſure,
We us'd our time, and did not waſte our leaſure.
But when *Aurora* roſe from *Tithons* bed,
And the morning ſtarre ſhew'd his gliſtering head;
Then we did kiſſe in haſte, and kiſſe againe,
And that the night was paſt we did complaine.
When thy Nurſe did me of the time informe,
Then from thy Towre, I to the ſhoare returne;
With teares we parted, and then I begin,
Back through the *Hellespont* againe to ſwim;
And while I ſwom, I ſhould looke back on thee,
As farre as I could thee (ſweet *Hero*) ſee.
And if you will beleeve me, when I doe come
Hither unto thee, then me thought I ſwom.
But when from thee againe I return'd back,
I ſeem'd like one that had ſuffer'd ſhipwrack.
To my home I went unwillingly againe,
My City's ſelf my will doth me containe.
Alas! why ſhould we be by ſeas diſjoyn'd?
Since that love hath united us in mind.
Since we be are ſuch affection to each other,
Why ſhould not we in one land dwell together?
In *Seſtos*, or *Abydos* dwell with me,
Thy country pleaſeth me, as mine doth thee,
Why ſhould the rough ſeas thus perplex our minds?
Why ſhould we be parted by cruell winds?
The Dolphins with our love acquainted grow,
The fiſh by often ſwimming do me know.
And through the water I have worne a path,
Like to thoſe wheele-ruts which a high way hath.
I complaine that I to ſuch ſhifts was put,
But now the winds that paſſage have up ſhut.

The Helleſpont is rough, the waves go high,
So that ſhips ſcarce in Harbour ſafe doe lye.
And I beleeve the Sea her name firſt found,
From the Virgin *Helle*, who was in't drown'd.
This ſea ſhall by her death infamous be,
Her name doth ſhew her guilt, though ſhe ſpare me.
I envie *Faſon*, who did ſaile to *Greece*,
And fetch away from thence the golden Fleece,
In his ſhip call'd the Ram, yet I deſire
No ſhip of his, this is all I require;
That the waters of the Helleſpont would be
So gentle to permit me ſwim to thee.
I want no art to ſwim, give leave to me,
And both the Ship and Pilot I will be.
I will not ſaile by the great or leſſer Beare,
For by ſuch common ſtars love doth not ſteare.
Let others on *Andromeda's* ſtar looke,
Or *Ariadnes* Crowne to Heaven tooke;
Nor yet *Caliſtos* ſtars which doe ſhine cleare.
In the Polar Circle, which they call the Beare;
Theſe ſtars which by the gods were ſtellifi'd,
In my doubtfull paſſage ſhall not be my guide,
But I have a more brighter ſtar than theſe,
My love will guide me through the darkeſt Seas.
Oft when my armes grow tir'd with wearineſſe,
That they cannot cut their way through the ſeas,
When I doe tell them, that to quit their paine,
They ſhould imbrace thee, they would then againe,
To enjoy their prize, with ſuch a freſh ſtrength ſwim,
Like a ſwift Horſe that doth to run begin.
Thou art my ſtar, and I will follow thee,
Rather than all thoſe ſtars in Heaven be.
Thou, thou art farre more worthy for to ſhine
A ſtar in Heaven, yet ſtay on earth thy time,

Or if thou wilt needs goe, then ſhow to me
The way to Heaven, that I may follow thee.
Thou art here, yet I the way to thee can't find,
The roughneſſe of the ſeas perplex my mind.
What though the Ocean doe not us two part?
This narrow ſea keepes me from thee Sweet-heart.
If I ſhould in ſome diſtant Countrey be,
It would cut off all hope of ſeeing thee.
But now I am inflam'd with more deſire,
And burne the more the neerer to the fire.
And though the thing I wiſh for abſent be,
Yet I do hope for that I cannot ſee.
That which I love, I almoſt ſeeme to touch,
Which makes me weepe to thinke my hopes are ſuch.
I catch at Apples which from me doe flie
Like *Tantalus*, or the ſtreame which glides by.
Shall I then ever be poſſeſt of thee,
Vntill the winds and ſea ſo pleaſed be?
When wind and water fickle be, ſhall I
Vpon the wind and water ſtill relye?
Shall I be hindered by the raging ſeas?
The Goates, Bootes, or the Pleiades?
If I have any courage, thou ſhalt ſee,
Love ſhall imbolden me to ſwim to thee.
And if I promiſe, I will come away,
And performe promiſe without all delay.
If ſeas continue ſtill their raging anger,
I'le try to ſwim to thee in ſpight of danger;
Either my bold attempt ſhall happy prove,
Or death ſhall give an end unto my love.
Yet I doe wiſh my body may be driven,
Like to a wrack to thy beloved haven.
Then thou wilt weepe on it, and ſay. 'twas I
Was the occaſion, that this man did dye.

I know when thou hast in my letter found
This word of death, thou wilt hate the sad sound.
Feare not; but that the sea may now incline
To calmenesse, joyne your prayers, I pray, with mine,
If it were calme untill I did swim thither,
Arriv'd, let it againe be blustering weather.
In the Harbour of thy Castle I'le abide,
And in thy chamber at safe Anchor ride.
Let blustring *Boreas* strongly there inclose me,
I delight to stay there, though he oppose me.
For then I will be wary, and most slack
To venture to returne, or to swim back.
On the deafe billowes I'le not raile in vaine,
Nor on the rough, and raging sea complaine.
The winds, and thy imbraces should keepe me
Wind-bound, and love-bound, still to stay with thee.
Yet soone as the sea permits, I'le begin
To use my armes, and unto thee I'le swim,
And be thou carefull to put forth a light
Vpon thy Turret, to direct my sight.
Vntill then let my Letter lodge this night
With thee, as Harbinger of my delight.
Which though it goe before me, I doe pray,
That I may follow it without delay.

The

The Argument of the eighteenth Epistle.

Hero having received *Leanders* Letter, answers it with many expressions of a mutuall affection, and invites him to hasten his coming, that she might enjoy his company: sometimes accusing his slacknesse, thereby to shew the sincerity and integrity of her owne love: sometimes inveighing against the sea: sometimes fearing lest he loved some other, then recanting that suspition, ascribing it

to

to the customs of Lovers who are apt to suspition. Lastly, shee perswades him not to expose himselfe to the mercy of the Sea until it grow calme.

HERO *to* LEANDER.

THat health *Leander* which thou sent'st in word,
Come, and most really to me afford.
For our joyes are deferred by thy stay,
And my love growes impatient of delay.
Our love is equall, but I am the weaker,
For men are of a stout and stronger nature.
Maids have a tender body, and soft mind,
If thou doe stay, I shall with griefe be pin'd.
You men can spend the tedious time, and leasure,
In hunting, or some other countrey pleasure.
Or sometimes you can goe unto the Court,
Or in riding, or tilting take your sport.
You often Hawke, and Angle many a time,
And spend some houres in drinking of rich wine.
But unto me love doth a torment prove,
I have no businesse here to doe, but love.
Thou only art a pleasure unto me,
I love thee more than can beleeved be.
For either with my Nurse I talke of thee,
Wondring what stayeth thy comming to me.
Or looking to the sea, sometimes I chide
The sea, 'cause it doth still so rough abide.
Or when I see the sea is calmer growne,
I thinke that when thou maist, thou wilt not come.
While I complaine, sad teares spring in my eyes,
Which with a trembling hand my old Nurse dryes.
Then I doe looke if any print remaine
Of thy foot-steps, which the sands yet retaine.

And

And oftentimes I enquire if any be
Bound for *Abydos*, so to write to thee.
And I doe kisse thy clothes thou didst leave here,
When thou didst swim the Hellespont without feare;
When day is done, and the more friendly night
With spingled stars hath put the day to flight.
Then I set out a light, for a Land-marke
Vpon my Towre, to guide thee in the darke.
And then sometimes with spinning I assay,
To passe the time, which runs so slow away.
And that I may the tedious houres beguile,
I talke of my *Leander* all the while,
And to my Nurse I speake thus, dost not thou
Thinke that my joy, and love is comming now?
Or think'st thou that his friends watch him, that he
Is hindered so from comming unto me?
Dost thou not thinke that he even now begins
To put off his clothes, and anoint his limbes?
Yes, sayes my old nurse, who did strive to keepe
Time with her head, while she did nodding sleepe,
And senselesse of all love, car'd not though I
Did want thy kisses, and sweet company.
Then I should say to her a little after,
Now I doe thinke hee's swimming through the water;
And having drawne my thred forth, I would say,
Now I doe thinke he is in the middle way.
Then I looked forth, and fearefully did pray
The wind would favour thee upon the way;
Sometimes I listned unto every voice,
Thinking thou wert come, if I heard a noise.
Thus I would spend most of the night, till sleepe
Vpon my weary eyes by stealth did creepe,
And somtimes thou sleep'st with me in my dreame,
And art come, though to come thou dost not meane,

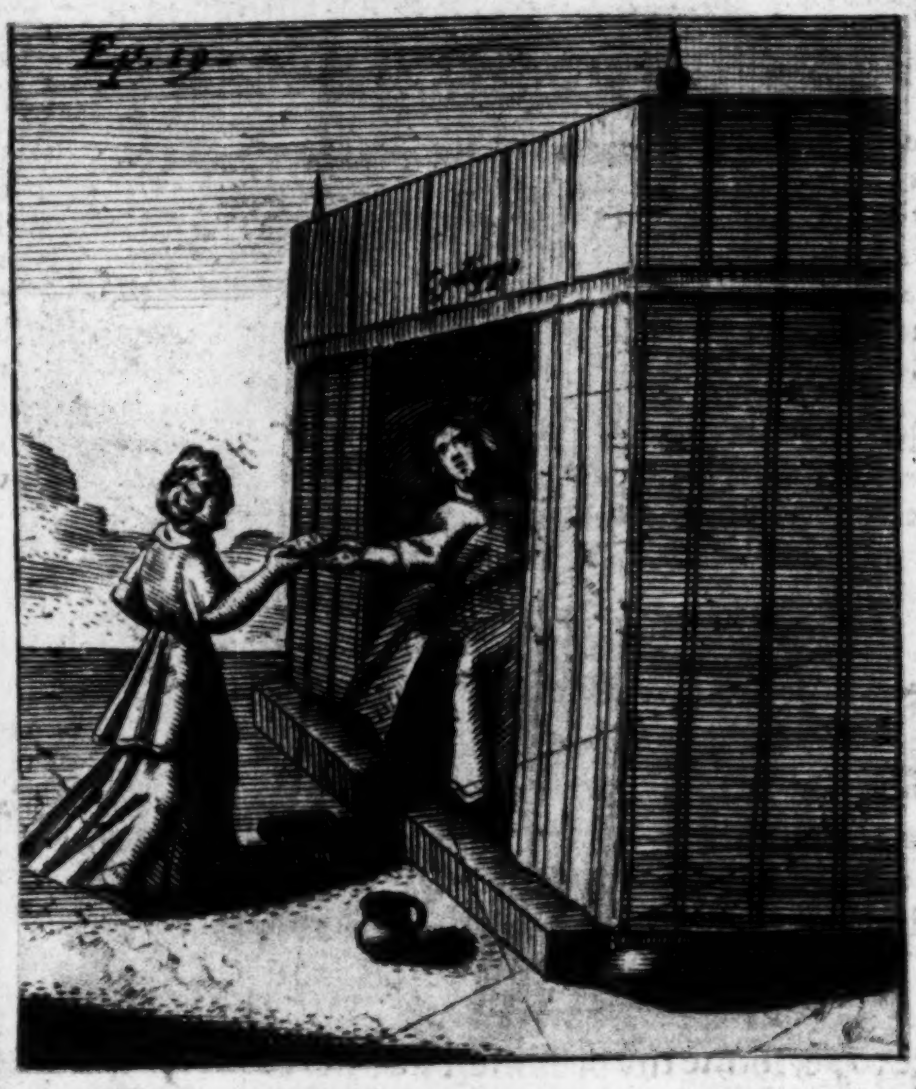
And now me thinkes that in my dreame I see
Thee swimming, now thou art imbracing me.
And now to clothe thy wet limbes I doe strive,
And in my warme bosome doe thee revive.
And other things I dreame of which must be
Concealed at this time for modesty.
For that which in the doing pleas'd us well,
Yet being done it is a shame to tell.
But woe is me, these pleasures are soone done,
For when my dreame doth vanish, thou art gone.
O let us at the length more firmely meet,
That our joyes may be reall and more sweet.
Why have I laine so many nights from thee?
And why dost thou delay to swimme to me?
Though the Seas yet for swimming unfit are,
Yet yester night the winds more calmer were.
And why didst thou then feare to come to me?
Why didst not use that opportunity?
Though you have another season, yet at least
Because this was the first, this was the best.
The fickle sea doth quickly change her face,
But thou canst swim it in a little space,
And suppose winds and stormes should keepe thee here,
While I imbrace thee, thou needst nothing feare:
Then I would have the winds blow high enough,
And I would pray the seas might still be ruffe.
But why dost thou the winds and seas now feare,
Which formerly by thee despised were.
For I remember thou didst swim to me,
When the Seas were as rough as now they be:
When I did wish thee not so rash to be,
Least thy rashnesse should make me weepe for thee.
But where is all thy courage now become?
Who through the Hellespont hast often swum.

Yet doe not thou such rash adventures make,
But when the sea is calme thy journey take.
If thou dost love me still, as thou dost write,
And that our flame of love burnes cleere and bright;
I feare not winds so much that crosse my mind,
As that thy love should prove fickle as wind.
Or that thou think'st me unworthy, to enter
Such dangers, and for my sake to adventure.
And sometimes I am very much afraid,
Lest thou of *Abydos* scorn'st a *Sestian* maid.
But it would grieve me more than all the rest,
If thou should'st love another Sweet-heart best;
Or if some Harlots armes should thee imbrace,
While that her new love doth the old displace.
O may I die before that I doe see
My selfe, in such a manner wrong'd by thee.
Yet doe I not write this, because that I
From thee, or fame, have cause of jealousie.
Yet still I feare (who can securely love?)
" For absence often doth suspition move.
Those lovers be happy that present are,
And know when to be jealous, when not to feare.
We vainly feare, and slight true injuries,
And nourish in our breast fond jealousies.
O would'st thou come, or else would I might find
No woman hinders thee, but the fierce wind.
Which when I know, beleeve me I shall dye
With griefe to thinke upon thy injury.
For if that thou hadst a desire to send
Me to my grave, thou might'st before offend.
But thou wilt not offend, my feares are vaine,
I know the Winters stormes doe thee detaine.
Woe's me! the billowes do go rough and high,
And obscure clouds doe darken all the sky.

Or *Helles* Mother makes the sea-waves weepe,
While they her Daughters obsequies doe keepe.
Or *Ino* her step-mother now doth please,
Chang'd to a goddesse, thus to vex the seas.
This sea unto Young maids unkind doth prove,
It drowned *Helle*, and doth crosse my love.
If *Neptune* his owne love had call'd to mind,
Our love had not beene crost so by the wind.
It is no fable that thou didst approve
Of faire *Amymone*, and her didst love.
Alcyone, and *Ceyce* thy Sweet-heart were,
And *Meduſa* before she had snakie haire:
Laodice and *Cæleno* Pleiades,
And many I have read of beside these.
O *Neptune*, thou these Sweet hearts hadst in store,
As Poets doe report, and many more.
Since thou so oft the force of love didst prove;
Why still from comming dost thou stay my Love?
Spare us, let stormes rage in the Ocean wide,
The sea doth two parts of the world divide.
For thee to tosse great ships it is most meet,
Or expresse thy rage in scattering a Fleet.
To disturbe these seas can no glory be,
Or to hinder a young man would swim to me,
For know *Leander* nobly is descended,
Not from *Vlysses*, ill of thee befriended.
Preserve us both, for while that he doth swim,
"He's in the water, but my life's in him.
But now my candle (by whose watchfull light
As it stood by me, I these lines did write)
Began to sparkle at that very time,
Which we did take to be a happy signe.
And my Nurse put wine to it, to maintaine
The Lampe, and cherish the reviving flame.

Sayes she, here will be strangers I doe thinke
To morrow, and with these words she doth drinke.
Leander come, and let our number be
Increas'd, for I doe love thy company.
Leander unto thy owne love returne.
For why should I still lye alone, and mourne?
Thou hast no cause thus fearfull still to be,
Venus will calme the sea, and favour thee.
Sometimes to wade through the sea I begin,
But this sea hath to women fatall bin.
For *Jason* over it in safety came,
But a woman gave to these seas their name.
If thou fear'st thou should'st want strength to performe
This double labour; to come, and returne:
Let us in the midst of the sea both meet,
And with a kisse each other kindly greet.
Then to our Cities both returne againe,
This would some comfort be, though it were vaine.
I would that we had no regard of Fame,
Which makes us love in secret, nor of shame.
"For love and fearefulnesse do ill agree;
That perswades to pleasure, this to modestie.
When that young *Jason* did to *Colchos* come,
He bore away *Medea* with him soone.
Soone as *Paris* to *Lacedemon* came,
He straight returned with his prey againe.
Thou com'st to me, but leavest me behind,
And swim'st when ships can scarce a passage find.
But my *Leander* have a care hereafter,
Not only to despise, but feare the water.
Strong ships unto the sea are made a scorne,
Think'st thou thy armes can more than oares performe?
The Mariners (*Leander*) feare to swim,
Till they are forc'd, when they have shipwrackt bin.

Woe's me, I perswade 'gainst that I require,
Let not my words discourage thee, I desire.
With thy armes swim through the seas, which being done
Embrace me with those armes when thou art come.
But as oft as I to the blew seas looke,
My heart is with a sudden cold feare strooke.
And I am troubled with my last nights dreame,
Though I sacrific'd 'gainst that it did meane.
About morning, when the Candle sleepie grew
And wink'd, when dreames most usually are true:
Out of my drowsie fingers fell my threed,
And on my pillow I did rest my head.
When in my dreame I thought that I had seene
A Dolphin, that on the rough waves did swim.
Which the waves cast up on the shoare, and left
Upon the boiling sands, of life bereft.
I know not what this might presage, or meane,
Stay till the sea be calme, slight not my dreame;
If thou wilt not spare thy selfe, spare thou me,
My life and happinesse consists in thee.
I hope the rough seas will grow calme, then stay,
And through the calme sea cut thy gentler way.
Untill then, since thou canst not swim, nor come,
Let this Letter make the time not seeme long.



The Argument of the nineteenth Epistle.

Acontius going to *Diana*'s sacrifices, which were celebrated by Virgins in *Delos*, the chiefest Iland of all the *Cyclades* in the *Ægean* Sea, fell in love with *Cydippe* a noble Maid: but he in regard of the inequality of his birth not daring to solicite her love, did cunningly write on a faire apple these two verses.

Iuro tibi sanè per mystica sacra Diana,
Me tibi venturam comitem, sponsamq; futuram.

By *Diana's* sacred rites I sweare to thee,
Thy loving Consort and Wife I will bee.

And so he cast the Apple at the Maids feet; who ignorant of his cunning, reading it at unawares, shee promised that shee would bee wife to *Acontius*. For it was a law, that what was spoken before the gods in the Temple of *Diana* should be ratified. So that *Acontius* endeavours in this Epistle to perswade her, that *Diana* had inflicted sickneſse on her, because she had violated her promise made in the goddesses presence. And to allure her to his desires, his Exordium endeavours to make her confident to reade without any suspition of deceit, like the former. Afterward he strives to make her husband contemptible in her sight, perswading her that he was the cause of all her sickneſse.

ACONTIVS *to* CYDIPPA.

BE not afraid, since that thou shalt not sweare,
As thou didst before to thy Lover, here;
For thou didst sweare enough at that same time,
When thou didst promise that thou would'st be mine.
Reade it; and so may thy sickneſse leave thee,
And paines, which also are a paine to me.
For why should thy ingenuous cheekes be spred?
As in *Diana's* Temple with blushing red.
Since to performe thy promise I doe move thee,
And not loosely, but as a husband love thee.
For if those words thou would'st but call to mind,
Which I did write upon the Apples rinde;
And cast before thee, being read by thee,
In reading it thou didst promise to me,
Even that which I doe now of thee desire,
My words and faith doe not at at once expire.

When

When *Diana* depriv'd thee first of health
I fear'd it; Virgin thinke upon thy selfe.
And now I feare the same, for now at length,
The flame of love in me hath gotten strength.
My strong affection doth increase, and grow
Encourag'd by that hope which you did show.
Thou gav'st me hope, from thee it did proceed,
Diana is a witnesse to thy deed.
For thou didst sweare by *Dian's* majestie,
Acontius I doe meane to marry thee.
And to these words which from my mouth then went,
Diana bow'd in token of consent.
If thou dost urge, thou wert deceiv'd by me,
The deceipt came from love, my love from thee.
Seeking thereby to thee to be united,
That should win favour, wherewith thou art frighted.
I'me not so crafty by nature, or use,
Thy beauty doth this craftinesse infuse.
Ingenious love, and not my art first joyn'd
Those words, which thee to me did firmly bind.
For love this cunning trick to me disclos'd,
And words of mariage in two lines compos'd.
Yet let this act of mine deceitfull prove,
If it be deceit to get what we love.
And now I write, for favour I intreat,
Complaine of this, if this be a deceit,
If loving thee, an injurie I doe thee,
Though thou forbid me, I will love and wooe thee.
Some have by force their Sweet-hearts away brought,
To write a Letter shall it be a fault?
Since that a Letter a new knot doth tye
Of that promis'd love betweene thee, and I.
Though thou art coy to me, yet I shall make thee
More kind, and I doe know that I shall take thee;

For albeit thou scape out of this net,
Thou shalt not scape all those, which love can set,
And if that gentle meanes, and Art doe faile,
Then force against thy coinesse shall prevaile.
I do not hold that *Paris* was in fault,
Or those who their desires by force have sought.
And so will I: although that death should be
His sad reward, that ventures to steale thee.
Were thou lesse faire, my suit would be more cold,
But now thy beauteous face doth make me bold,
My flame of love proceeds from thy faire eyes,
Which doe out-shine the bright stars in the skies.
And from thy white neck, which thy browne haire graces,
And from thy armes fit only for imbraces.
Thy modest countenance also taketh me
Where silent beauties sweetly placed be.
Thy feet like Ivory are so pure and white,
That *Thetis*, I suppose, hath not the like.
I were happy, if I might praise the rest,
Thy parts summ'd up together would be best.
It is no wonder, since thou art so faire,
If by thy owne words I did thee insnare.
For if thou should'st confesse thy selfe to be
Taken by my deceit, and treachery;
Let me beare the envie of it, and blame,
So that I may the fruits of love obtaine.
Achilles did by force faire *Briseis* take,
Yet she lov'd him, and would not him forsake.
Find fault with what thou wilt, and angry be,
So that in anger I may enjoy thee.
I that have mov'd your anger, will appease you,
And if you give me leave, I'le strive to please you.
For I will stand before you, and there weepe,
While my teares with my worde due time shall keepe.

And

And like some servant that correction feares,
I'le hold my hands up, and beg with my teares.
Assume your right, I'me a slave to your beauty,
Be you my Mistresse, and teach me my duty.
Although that you should strike me, and should teare
In an imperious manner, my long haire;
I'le suffer all, and only afraid be,
Lest you should hurt your hand with striking me.
Thou needst not fetter me with iron chaines,
"He serveth willingly whom love constraines.
When thou hast satisfied thy wrath on me,
Thou wilt then say; how patient is he?
And noting my patience say, since I see
That he can serve so well, he shall serve me.
I know thou dost condemne me in absence,
And my good cause doth want a just defence,
That only which I on the Apple writ
Is my offence, yet love endited it.
Besides, *Diana* should not mocked be,
Keepe thy promise with her, though not with me.
She saw thee blush, when as thou wert deceiv'd,
And she did heare these words which thou didst reade:
And who can be more violent than she?
To those that doe prophane her majestie.
Who more angry than *Althea* with her son,
More fierce than was the Boare of *Calydon*.
She made *Acteons* hounds their Master hunt,
As he with them to chase wilde beasts was wont.
She did *Niobe* to a stone transforme
Which in *Bithynia* stands, and seemes to mourne.
Cydippe, I dare not speake truth to thee,
Lest my admonishment seeme false to be.
Yet I must speake, her wrath inflicts on thee
This sickneſſe, when that thou should'st marri'd be.

From perjury shee'd have thee keepe thy selfe,
" By sickneſſe shee would bring thy mind to health.
And when to breake thy vow, thou would'ſt begin,
Shee keepes thee from committing of that sinne.
Then do not thou *Diana* more incense,
Shee may be brought to remit thy offence.
That so thy feaver may not quite destroy
Thy beauty sav'd, that I may it enjoy.
Preserve that beauty, which my love first bred,
Where snowie whiteneſſe shaddoweth the red.
May those would crosse our love, endure that paine,
Which I while thou art sick doe now sustaine.
I would not have thee sicke, nor married be,
I know not which of these would most grieve me.
Sometimes it grieveth me, that I should grieve thee,
And that I did so cunningly deceive thee,
For my mistres's perjury, & punish me,
Ye gods; from punishment let her be free.
And sometimes I occasion take to goe
By the doore, that I may know how you doe.
And in a secret manner enquiring keepe
Of your maid, how you eat, and take your sleepe.
I would I had beene a Physician bred,
To feele thy pulse, and sit upon thy bed.
And woe is me, that I must absent be,
While that my Rivall is perhaps with thee.
He holds thy hand, and sits on thy beds side,
Who is by all the gods, and me envy'd.
And while that he thy beating pulse doth try,
Thy white arme he doth often touch thereby.
He handles thee, and then perhaps a kisse,
Rewards his service with too great a bliſſe.
Who hath permitted thee to reape my crop?
And take away the fruits of all my hope?

Her

Her ſelfe, and kiſſes thou muſt underſtand
Are mine by promiſe, then take off thy hand.
Take off thy hand, for ſhe my owne ſhall be,
Vnleſſe thou wilt commit Adultery.
Some other Mayden chuſe that yet is free,
For of her Tenement I muſt Land-lord be.
Thou mai'ſt beleeve our covenants if not me,
To ſhew they're firme, let her reade them to thee.
Therefore thou haſt no right, I ſay to thee,
Unto her marriage bed, 'tis kept for me.
Though her Father to thee did her aſſigne,
Yet thy right cannot be ſo good as mine.
Her Father did betroth her unto thee,
But ſhe her ſelfe did give her ſelfe to me.
He promis'd before men ſhe ſhould be thine,
She promis'd before *Dian'* ſhe would be mine.
He breakes his word, ſhe violates her oath,
And do'ſt thou doubt which is the worſt of both.
Laſtly conſider what the event may be,
For he's in health, but ſick in bed is ſhe.
In our contentions too much odds there are,
Thy hope is not like mine, nor yet thy feare.
Thy love is not ſo dangerous, but I,
If I ſhould ſuffer a repulſe, muſt dye.
Perhaps that hereafter thou wilt approve her,
But it is I that now do deerely love her.
Therefore in juſtice, that ſame love of thine
Unto my love all title ſhould reſigne,
Since for love he unjuſtly doth contend,
Cydippe why doe I this letteer ſend?
Diana for his ſake doth thee afflict,
Forbid him then thy houſe, if thou haſt wit.
And for his ſake this ſickneſſe lights on thee,
May he that cauſeth it, ſo puniſh'd be.

For

For if thou wilt this fained love reject,
And not love whom the goddesse doth not respect.
Thou shalt then presently regaine thy health,
When thou art well, I shall be well my selfe.
Feare not sweet Maid, thou shalt have thy health now,
If to the goddesse thou wilt keepe thy vow.
" The heavenly powers our sacrifices scorne,
" Unlesse we faithfully our vowes performe,
Yet some doe lancing suffer for healths sake,
And some for health doe bitter potions take.
But if thou keepe thy selfe from perjurie,
Thou shalt preserve thy health, thy faith, and me.
Thy former-fault may yet a pardon find,
Through ignorance, or forgetfulnesse of mind,
Thy sickenesse, and my words admonish thee,
" For know the gods cannot deceived be.
Yet should'st thou scape this sickenesse being a Maid,
Being married thou wilt need *Diana's* ayd.
Having heard thy promise she will aske thee,
If I the father of thy burthen be.
If thou do'st vow, yet she will not beleeve,
If thou swear'st, she knowes 'tis but to deceive.
For thee, not for thy selfe this care I take,
And my mind is thus troubled for thy sake.
Let not thy Parents for thy sickenesse weepe?
Or why do'st thou in ignorance them keepe?
Though to thy Mother thou do'st all relate,
Cydippe, thou need'st not to blush thereat.
Tell her how I did first behold thy eyes,
While thou did'st to *Diana* sacrifice.
And at the first sight if thou marked'st me,
I stood and gaz'd with fixed eyes on thee.
And while I wondring stood, my cloake off fell
From my shoulder, which passion seem'd to tell.

And after that an Apple I did fit
Wherein most cunningly these words I writ.
Which in *Diana's* presence read by thee,
Thou did'st bind thy selfe then to marry me.
That she the Tenour of the words may know,
As thou read'st them once, reade them to her so.
Then she will say forthwith, pray marry me
Him, whom the goddesse hath allotted thee.
Since that *Diana* is pleas'd, chuse no other,
For the goddesse will be to thee a mother.
And tell her, if she aske thee, who I am,
The goddesse choice can be to thee no shame.
In *Cea* where *Corycian* Nymphs have,
In *Parnassus* hill an old famous Cave,
I was borne, and (if birth be not contemn'd)
From no base Parentage I did descend.
I have wealth, and my life from spot is free,
And there is none whom I love more than thee:
Had'st thou not sworne, yet thou need'st must like
Such a husband, and I such a wife would seeke.
Diana in a dreame bid me to write
These lines, and waking, love bid me endite.
And as Loves Arrow now hath wounded me,
Take heed *Diana's* arrow wound not thee.
At once have pitty on me, and thy selfe,
At once thou mayst restore us both to health;
Which if thou grant, when the Trumpets proclaime
Diana's solemne sacrifice againe;
I'le offer a golden Apple, and on it
These two Verses shall be most fairely writ.
Acontius this Apple offer'd to testifie,
The gods the words writ in't did ratifie,
Least a longer Letter tire thee being weake,
I have but one word more to write, or speake,

And in the usuall way, as all can tell
I will conclude my letter here; Farewell.

The Argument of the twentieth Epistle.

When *Cydippe* understood that offended *Diana* had inflicted this Feaver on her, she condescended to *Acontius* desire against her Parents will, rather than to endure the torment of her sickenesse. First she

She answers, that she durst not reade his Epistle aloud, lest she should be deceived with the fallacy of an oath, as shee was in reading the lines writ on the Apple. Then amplifying the deceit of that Apple, she inveighs against *Acontius*.

CYDIPPE *to* ACONTIVS.

THEN silence I thy Letter read, for feare
Left unawares I by the gods should sweare.
I thinke, againe thou would'st have cosen'd me,
But that I have promis'd my selfe to thee.
I read it, lest if I unkind should seeme,
Diana should have more offended beene,
Though to *Diana* I doe incense offer,
Yet she defends that wrong which thou did'st proffer.
And if I may give credit vnto thee,
For thy sake she with sicknesse visits me.
Unto *Hippolitus* she was not so kind,
For at her hands more favour thou dost find
A Virgin of a Virgin should take care.
Although I have not long to live, I feare.
I am sick, yet the causes of my griefe,
Physicians know not, nor can yeeld releefe.
How sicke am I, while I these lines doe write!
I scarce can sit within my bed upright,
I feare lest any but my nurse should find,
That we by Letters do exchange our mind.
To visitants, while she the doore doth keepe,
(To give me time to write) she sayes I sleepe.
When this colour the matter cannot hide,
Lest by sleeping too long, truth be discri'd.
If some come, who to deny 'tis unfitting.
She gives me then a fained signe by spitting.
Then I breake off, and lest it should be spy'd,
In my trembling bosome the letter hide.

When

When they are gone, then I doe write againe,
Thus in the mid'st of paines, I take great paine.
Which did'st thou deserve, I could undertake,
Then thou deserv'st I'le doe more for thy sake.
For thy sake, I this sickneſſe doe sustaine,
And for thy imposture thus punisht am.
And thus my beauty which did please thy sight,
Hath hurt thy selfe, by yeelding thee delight.
If I had appear'd deformed unto thee,
No sickneſſe had procur'd my miserie.
Praise is my ruine, and while you both wooe me
'Tis my owne beauty that doth thus undoe me.
And while both will not yeeld, both will be mine;
You hinder his desire, he hinders thine.
I am like a ship, the wind drives amaine
To Sea, but strong tides drive it back againe.
My mariage day which my Parents would see,
Is at hand, but a feaver troubleth me.
And while the thought of mariage doth me mocke,
Death even at my doore begins to knock.
Which though I am not guilty, makes me feare,
Some of the Gods with me offended are.
Some thinke my sickneſſe hath but casuall beene,
Or the gods would not have me marry him.
And that thou may'st not thinke fame doth detect thee,
For poysoning of my selfe they do suspect me,
The cause is hid, but yet my griefe lyes open,
You do contend, but I with griefe am broken.
Tell me, and doe not unkindly reject me
What is thy hate, if thy love doth afflict me?
If such thy love be, love thy enemy,
But I intreate thee that thou would'st spare me.
What hope to obtaine my love canst thou cherish?
When thou do'st let me by a feaver perish.

If to *Diana* thou do'ſt pray in vaine,
Why do'ſt thou boaſt what thou canſt not obtaine?
Either thou canſt not *Diana* pacifie;
If thou canſt, thou art unmindfull of me.
I would that I had *Delos* never knowne,
At leaſt, at that time had not to it gone.
My ſhip unhappily did ſayle that day,
And through the blew Seas cut her fatall way.
Unluckily out of my houſe I did ſlip,
When I did goe aboard my painted ſhip.
Twice the winds to our ſailes contrary were,
Yet now I thinke on't the winds did ſtand faire;
It was a faire wind that did drive me back,
That my unhappy journey I might ſlack.
Would it had beene contrary to my mind,
But 'tis folly to complaine 'gainſt the wind.
For famous *Delos* I deſire to ſee;
Me thought my ſhip ſail'd ſlowly under me.
I chid the Oares becauſe that they did faile,
And me thought they put out too little ſaile.
Having paſs'd *Tenos*, and *Andros*, the white
Cliffes of faire *Delos* came within my ſight.
And to the Ile I ſaid, why do'ſt me ſhun?
Do'ſt ſtill flote in the Sea, 'las thou haſt done!
I landed when the Sun had runne his courſe,
And began to unyoake his purple horſe.
Next day when in the Eaſt they harneſs'd were,
My Mother bid me combe and dreſſe my haire.
She gave me Rings, my haire with gold ſhe dreſt,
And put on me Apparrell of the beſt.
To the gods of the Iland we did diſpence
Our gifts, and offered yellow frankincenſe.
And while my Mother bedewing with blood
The ſmoaking Altar, ſacrificing ſtood,

My

My carefull Nurse led me another way,
While she, and I through sacred places stray.
We walkt about, while we admired there
The gifts of Kings, and Images there were.
We admir'd *Apollos* Altar, and the Tree
That help'd *Latona* in child-delivetie.
And all that had in *Delos* famous beene,
We saw, and more than yet hath mention'd beene.
And here *Acontius* thou did'st cast a looke
On me, conceiving I might be soone tooke.
I return'd to *Diana's* Temple that hath
Faire steps, and what place ought to be more safe?
Thou threw'st an Apple for me with this verse,
Which I was ready againe to rehearse;
My Nurse took't up, and wondring, wished me
To reade it, so I read thy treacherie.
When to this word of marriage I came,
I felt that both my cheekes did blush for shame.
And when my eyes had serv'd thy turne to reade,
These lines, I looked downe, and hung my head.
But yet what glory hast thou got thereby?
To deceive a Maid is no victory.
I stood not with my Axe, and Buckler there,
As *Penthesilea* did at *Troy* appeare.
No gold belt from me thou did'st beare away,
Like that was taken from *Hippolita*.
Then why should'st thou rejoyce to have betray'd
By thy deceitfull words a harmlesse Maid.
An Apple deceiv'd *Atalanta*, and *Cydippe*:
Thou shalt another *Hippomenes* be.
But if that wanton Boy did thee enflame,
Whose quiver (thou saist) doth Loves shafts containe;
Why did'st thou not in honest sort come to me?
And not strive to deceive me, but to woo me.

Why

Why did'ſt thou not by words thy worth expreſſe,
To gaine my love, while thou did'ſt love profeſſe?
Why did'ſt thou ſeeke to compell, not perſwade
My love? by promiſes on thy part made.
What doth my former oath now profit thee?
Though I call'd *Diana* it to teſtifie.
It is the mind that ſweares, but my tongue went,
And ſwore this oath, without my minds conſent.
" An oath ſhould be took with a knowing mind,
" Therefore a raſh oath hath no power to bind.
If willingly I promis'd unto thee
Marriage, thou might'ſt then ſeeke it now of me.
But if thoſe words I unawares did ſpeake,
Thou ſtand'ſt on words that are but vaine, and weake.
I did not ſweare, therefore thou canſt not be,
By reading thoſe words, a husband to me.
If ſuch falſe oathes to bind effectuall were,
To grow rich in ſhort time thou need'ſt not feare.
For all the Kings in the world may reſigne
Their right unto thee by reading a line.
Thou art greater than *Diana* beleeve me,
If in thy words ſo great a power there be.
Yet though my oath, and thy love here I ſlight,
And have ſtrongly pleaded, my caſe is right.
Yet I confeſſe I feare *Diana's* wrath,
Who now I doubt thus me afflicted hath.
For as often, as a doe intend to marry,
I doe fall ſick, and ſo am forc'd to tarry.
Thrice *Hymen* now unto my bed-ſide came,
And finding me ſick, he went back againe.
And with his tired hand he ſcarce could light
His Torch, or make it to burne cleere, and bright.
Sometimes with powders he perfumes his haire,
While he his yellow ſaffron roabe doth weare.

But when unto my Chamber he doth come,
And beholds teares, and weeping, he is gone.
He plucks the Garland from his shining haire,
And teares the flowers in it placed were.
Such mourning doth with him so ill agree,
That his blushing cheeks red as his robe be.
While a hot feaver now tormenteth me,
So that I thinke the bed-clothes heavie be.
I see my parents for me weepe, and rage,
Who am now neerer death than mariage.
O *Dian*! that dost weare thy painted Quiver,
Helpe me now by *Apolles* skill, thy brother.
Since he can cure the sick, then why should I
To thy disgrace, without thy helpe here dye?
When thou didst bathe thy selfe I ne're mistaked
Like rash *Acteon*, who beheld thee naked.
On thy Altars I have often sacrific'd,
Thy mother was not by my mother despis'd.
This only was my fault, that I had read
A perjur'd verse, and was thereby deceiv'd.
Therefore *Acontius* for my sake now bring
To *Diana's* Altar thy owne offering.
If that the goddesse be offended with me,
Then to be thine, why doth she hinder me?
For if that she doe take away my life,
Thou canst not hope that I should be thy wife.
He that should be my husband, doth not stand
By my bed, and lift me up with his hand.
He sits indeed on my bed side, but he
Attempts no action of immodestie.
And knowes not what to thinke of me at all,
When without cause teares from my eyes do fall.
He seldome doth a kisse to me impart,
And with a fearfull voyce cals me Sweet-heart.

I wonder my diſdaine he hath not ſpy'd,
For when he comes I turne on my left ſide.
I will not ſpeake, but ſleepe I counterfeit.
And pull my hand back, when he would take it.
Then does he fetch a deepe ſigh, becauſe I
Am offended with him, he knowes not why.
When as in truth, if I ſhould ſpeake my mind,
(Cauſe in my ſufferings thou doſt pleaſure find)
Thou doſt deſerve our anger, who didſt ſet
Thy cunning toyles, to catch me in thy net.
Why doſt thou write thou would'ſt faine viſit me?
Since in thy abſence thou haſt wounded me.
Why thou art call'd *Acontius*, I have found,
Cauſe like an arrow thou far off doſt wound.
That wound is not yet healed which no dart,
But theſe words I read, gave unto my heart.
Why ſhould'ſt thou come, and here behold me lye
The wretched *Trophy* of thy victory?
For now my bloudleſſe colour doth quite faile,
And I am like thy Apple wan, and pale.
My white cheekes are not lightly ſtain'd with red,
Like ſpotted marble newly poliſhed.
But like the colour of a ſilver Cup.
When with cold water it is filled up.
If thou ſaw'ſt me, I ſhould not ſeeme the ſame,
As when by Art thou ſought'ſt my love to gaine
My promiſe thou would'ſt willingly remit,
And aske the goddeſſe to be freed from it.
And thou wilt ſend me then another line,
That I may ſweare, that I ſhall ne're be thine.
Yet prethee come, ſince thou deſir'ſt the ſame,
And ſee if thou canſt know me now againe,
Though (*Acontius*) thy breaſt like Iron be,
Thou would'ſt pray the goddeſſe to pardon me.

Yet I would have thee know, we askt *Apollo*,
To regaine health what course I ought to follow.
And as fame doth report, he answered, I
Was punish'd for my infidelity.
And thus the gods in Oracle answer'd me,
Who to thy desires favourable be.
Whence comes it, but because these cunning Letters,
In the Apple writ make the gods thy debtors
Since thou do'ſt rule the gods, thou muſt rule me,
And therefore willingly I yeeld to thee.
I told my Mother how I had betray'd
My ſelfe to thee, at which ſhe was diſmay'd.
You muſt contrive the reſt, for I have done
Already, I feare, more than doth become
A Virgin, ſince in this Letter you ſee,
I freely doe unfold my mind to thee.
Now my weake joynts are weary of enditing,
And my ſick hand is tired with long writing.
So hoping that we ſhall together meet,
My Letter with a farewell doth thee greet.

The Argument of the one and twentieth Epiſtle.

Phaon being ſometimes a Boatman, *Venus* came unto him, and deſired to be carried over the water gratis, which he did, not knowing her to be a goddeſſe, whereupon ſhe gave him a Box of oyntment, wherewith annoynting himſelfe, he became ſo beauticfull, that all the women in the Ile *Lesbos* were in love with him, and eſpecially *Sappho* did impatiently affect him. But when *Phaon* went to *Sicily*,

Sappho out of the heat of her love, and feare of his disdaine, desperately resolved to throw her selfe into the Sea, from *Lucas* a *Promontorie* of *Epire*. But yet unconstant to her first resolve, she endeavours by this Epistle to recall him back, and gaine his love of which she formerly despaired, and to win him to a dislike of his present estate and manner of life. Lastly, she uses all *Arguments* that might move him to pitty. And in this Epistle *Ovid* hath most lively expreſt the soft and amorous affections of love.

SAPPHO *to* PHAON.

SOone as thou do'st behold my studions hand,
Whence the Letter comes do'st thou understand?
Or unlesse in it thou *Sapphoes* name reade,
Do'st thou not know from whence it doth proceed?
Thou may'st wonder why I in this verse write
Since I in *Lyricke* numbers do delight.
The weeping Elegie will fitting prove
To sute unto our sad, and mournfull love.
But in light *Lyrick* verses there appeares
No dolefull harmony, that may sute teares.
For as a field of corne on fire, whose flame
The Easterne wind doth blow up, and maintaine,
Doth burne apace, being fanned by the wind,
Even so the flame of love doth fire my mind.
Though *Phaon* live neere *Ætna* far from me,
My flames of love hotter than *Ætna* be.
So that verses to my harpe I cannot set,
"A quiet mind doth Verses best beget.
The *Driad's* do not helpe me at this time,
Nor *Lesbian*, nor *Pierian* Muses nine.
I hate *Amythone*, and *Cydnus* white,
And *Athis* is not pleasant in my sight.
And many others that were lov'd of me,
But now I have plac'd all my love on thee.

Thy

Thy youthfull yeares to pleasures doe invite,
Thy tempting beauty hath betrai'd my sight,
Take a Quiver, and thou wilt *Apollo* be;
Take Hornes, and *Bacchus* will be like to thee.
Phœbus lov'd *Daphne*, *Bacchus*, *Ariadne*,
Yet in the Lyrick verse no knowledge had she.
But the Muses dictate unto me smooth rhymes,
So that the world knowes my name and lines.
Nor hath *Alceus* for the Harpe more praise,
Though he by higher subjects gets his bayes.
"If nature beauty unto me deny,
"My wit the want of beauty doth supply.
Though low of stature, yet my fame is tall,
And high, for through the world 'tis knowne to all.
Though for my beauty I have no renowne,
Perseus lov'd *Cepheia*, that was browne.
White Doves doe often paire with spotted Doves,
And the greene Parret the black Turtle loves.
If thou wilt have a Love as faire as thee,
Thou must have none, for none so faire can be.
Yet once my face did faire to thee appeare,
And that my speech became me, thou didst sweare,
And thou would'st kisse me while that I did sing,
(For Lovers doe remember every thing)
My kisses, and each part thou didst approve,
But specially when I did write of love;
Then I did please thee with my wanton straine,
With witty words, and with my amorous vaine.
But now the Maids of *Sicily* do please thee,
Would I might *Lesbos* change for *Sicilie*.
But take heed *Megarensians* how you doe
Receive this wanderer, left you doe it rue.
Left by his flattering tongue you be betrai'd,
What he sayes to you, he hath to me said.

O *Venus* help me now in my distresse,
Faire goddesse, favour now thy Poetesse.
Will fortune alwayes be to me unkind?
And will she never change her froward mind?
For I knew sorrow soone, even when that I
Was six yeares old, my father first did die.
The love of a whore my brother o're came,
On whom he spent his wealth, and lost his fame.
Being growne poore, then unto Sea he went,
To get by pyracie what he had spent.
And because I did blame his courses, he
My honest counsell scorn'd, and hated me.
And as if these griefes were too light for me,
You know that I have faulty beene with thee.
And of thee at last I must make complaint,
Because that I thy company do want.
In thy absence I do not dresse my haire,
Nor on my fingers any rings doe weare.
A poore and homely weed I doe assume,
Arabian myrrhe doth not my haire perfume.
Though I did dresse my selfe for to please thee,
Yet in thy absence why should I dresse me?
Nature hath given me a heart so soft,
That love doth with his arrow wound it oft.
For I am still in love, and I do see,
That I must alwayes thus in love still be.
The fatall sisters at my birth decreed
To spin my life forth, with an amorous threed.
Or else my studies are the cause of it,
Thalia hath given me a wanton wit.
Nor can it in love seeme so strange a case,
That I should love thy young effeminate face.
Left *Aurora* should love thee I was afraid,
And so she had, but *Cephalus* her staid.

If *Phœbe* ſhould behold thee, ſhe e're long
Would love thee more, than her *Endymion*.
And beautious *Venus* long agoe had carried
Thee unto heaven in her Ivory Chariot;
But that the goddeſſe wiſely did foreſee,
That *Mars* himſelfe would fall in love with thee.
Such was thy beauty, and thy comely grace,
For in thy youth thou hadſt a Virgins face.
Returne to me, thou ſweeteſt flower of beauty,
For to love thee, I know it is my duty.
I doe not here intreat thee to love me,
But that thou wouldſt permit me to love thee.
And while I write, I weepe even for thy ſake,
And all thoſe blots thou ſeeſt, my teares did make.
Though thou reſolvedſt to go, yet modeſtie
Might have enforc'd thee, to take leave of me.
At thy departure thou didſt not kiſſe me,
I fear'd not that I ſhould forſaken be.
I had no pledges of thy love, for I
Have nothing of thine but thy injurie.
This only charge I would have given to thee,
That thou wouldſt not be unmindfull of me.
I ſweare unto thee, by this love of mine,
And by my goddeſſes the Muſes nine.
When they did tell me, that thou hadſt tooke ſhip,
A long time I could neither ſpeake, nor weepe.
My heart grew cold, my ſilent griefe was dumbe,
Wanting both teares to vent it ſelfe, and tongue.
But when my ſorrowes I more lively felt,
I toare my haire, my teares began to melt.
So that to weepe I preſently begun,
Like Mothers at the buriall of a ſon.
My brother laught, and while that he did walke
And ſtrut by me, he thus began to talke.

Alas!

Alas! why does my loving ſiſter grieve,
Thou haſt no cauſe, thy daughter is alive.
Thus love and ſhame together ill agree,
For I had put off now all modeſtie.
And in ſuch manner I abroad did rove,
That the people thereby diſcerned my love.
O *Phaon*, I do dreame of thee alwayes,
Dreames make the night more pleaſant than the dayes.
Dreames make thee preſent though thou abſent art,
But they weake ſhadowes of true joyes impart.
Sometimes I thinke that thou imbraceſt me,
And ſometimes I thinke that I imbrace thee.
That thou doſt kiſſe me, then I doe beleeve,
With ſuch kiſſes as thou didſt uſe to give.
And ſometimes in my dreame to thee I ſpeake,
As if my tongue and ſenſes were awake.
I cannot tell the reſt with modeſtie,
For me thinkes I enjoy thy company.
But when the Sun doth riſe, and breakes the day,
I am ſad, becauſe my dreames paſſe away.
I'me angry that my fancie is no ſtronger,
And that my pleaſant dreame ſhould laſt no longer.
Then to the woods and caves I ſtraightway hie,
Wherein I enjoyd thy ſweet company.
As if the woods and caves could comfort me,
Since they witneſſes of our pleaſures be.
Like one were mad, or enchanted I flye,
While my haire doth o're my ſhoulders looſe lye.
Me thinkes the moſſie caves doe ſeeme as faire,
As thoſe which built of coſtly Marble are.
I love the wood, under whoſe leavie ſhade,
We oftentimes have both together laid.
But the wood ſeemes unpleaſant unto me,
As if it mourned for thy company.

And I have often gone unto that place,
Where we have laine together in the graſſe;
And laid me downe againe, and with the ſhowres
Of teares have watered the ſmiling flowres.
The leaveleſſe trees to mourne doe begin,
And all the ſweet birds have left off to ſing.
Onely the Nightingall with mournfull ſong,
In ſaddeſt notes bewailes her former wrong.
She laments thoſe ſad wrongs ſhe did ſuſtaine;
Of thy forſaking me I doe complaine.
If ſhe ſung not, nor I complain'd of thee,
The wood more ſilent than the night would be?
There is a Fountaine that's as cleere as glaſſe,
So that ſome thought a deity in it was;
O're which a great tree doth extend his boughs,
And ſoft greene graſſe even round about it growes;
I being weary, by chance I lay downe here,
And a *Nayad* which did to me appeare,
Standing before me thus to ſpeake began,
Becauſe thou lov'ſt, and art not lov'd againe;
To *Leucas* go, if that thou wilt have eaſe,
A promontory that o're-lookes the Seas.
Hence *Deucalion* for *Pyrrha's* love
Did throw himſelfe downe, and as it did prove,
He had no hurt, but being drenched in
Theſe ſeas, his love to coole did ſtrait begin.
The vertue in this place remaines, make haſte,
And from this Rock thy ſelfe downe quickly caſt.
Thus having ſaid, he vaniſht, and my feares
Increaſt, my eyes did overflow with teares.
Faire Nymph, I promiſe thee that I will go,
Enrag'd with love unto that Rock you ſhow.
Perhaps the light aire in her armes will beare me,
I can't be worſe, then why ſhould danger feare me?

O love! with thy wings let me be ſuſtain'd,
Leſt for my death *Leucadian* ſeas be blam'd.
Then unto *Phœbus* I'le my Harpe reſigne,
And underneath it write this double line;
Sappho, ô *Phœbus*, offers unto thee,
Her Harpe, which thou lov'ſt, and was lov'd by me.
If *Phaon* to returne to me would pleaſe,
What need I goe to the *Actæan* Seas?
Thou canſt doe mè more good, rhee I will follow,
Thy beauty is ſuch, thou art my *Apollo*.
Or canſt thou harder than a hard Rock be,
And to dye in my miſery ſuffer me?
It were far better ſure, that I ſhould joyne,
In cloſe embraces, my faire breaſt with thine;
That breaſt, O *Phaon*, which thou didſt oft praiſe,
And which did ſeeme ſo witty many wayes.
Now I would faine be eloquent, but while
I ſtrive to write in a mere elegant ſtile;
My Art doth faile, for griefe my wit hath ſpent;
So that my Letter is not eloquent.
My former vaine of writing verſe is done,
My jocond Harpe is now grown mute and dumbe.
Ye *Lesbian* Nymphs that mariage doe deſire,
Ye Nymphs ſo called from the *Lesbyan* Lyre,
Ye *Lesbian* Nymphs whoſe love advanc'd my fame,
Come not to heare my Harpe, or *Lyrick* ſtraine.
For that ſweet vaine I had in former time,
My *Phaon* tooke away, who is not mine.
If you ſend him back, I ſhould regaine it,
He is my *Genius*, that doth give me wit.
But why with prayers ſeeke I to perſwade?
Can his hard heart with prayers be ſoft made?
No it doth grow more ſtiffe, and I doe find
That all my words, are but like empty wind.

But I doe wiſh the winds would bring thee back,
Why to returne againe, art thou ſo ſlack?
I have long lookt for thee, then come away,
Why doſt thou thus torment me with delay?
Weigh but thy Anchor, *Venus* will befriend thee,
With a good voyage, and a faire wind lend thee.
Cupid to ſteere thy ſhip too will not faile,
And he will put out, and take in each ſaile.
But if thou forſake *Lesbian Sappho*, I
Have not deſerv'd of thee ſuch cruelty;
And by this Letter I would have thee know,
That my ſelfe into the Sea I will throw.

FINIS.

Three Responsive *Epistles* of the *Poet Aulus Sabinus* in answer to three of OVID's *Epistles*.

The *Argument* of Sabines *first Epistle*.

Vlysses having read *Penelopes* Epistle, answereth to all objections and relates his many troubles which hee had valiantly endured,

Tyresia and *Pallas* having instructed him in future events, he prophecieth unto her that hee will come home to *Ithaca* in the habit of a beggar. He comes home so disguised, and *Penelopes* wooers supposing him a beggar offer him many affronts. But his son *Telemachus* and his two servants helping him, he fell upon them, and slew them all. At last his Sonne *Telegonus*, whom he had by *Circe*, slew him with a poison'd Arrow.

VLYSSES *to* PENELOPE.

VNfortunate *Vlysses* hath from thee,
Receiv'd thy Letter deere *Penelope*.
The sight of thy hand and seale, were to me
A kind of comfort in my misery.
Thou dost accuse me, that I am too slack
In returning and comming to thee back.
I had rather thou should'st esteeme me slow,
Then that I should let thee my troubles know.
Greece knew my love unto thee, when I had
For thy love counterfeited my selfe mad.
For such was then the force of my affection,
That I did counterfeit a fain'd distraction,
Thou would'st not have me write, but come away;
I make hast, but crosse winds do make me stay.
Troy which tho *Grecian* Maids hate, is defac'd,
I am not there for *Troy* is burnt, and raz'd.
Deiphobus, *Asius*, *Hector*, all slaine are,
And all the rest of whom thou stood'st in feare,
I scap't the *Thracian* bands, when I had slaine
Rhesus, and to my Tents return'd againe.
And besides out of *Pallas* Temple I
Did take the fatall palme of victory.
I was in the Horse when *Cassandra* cry'd,
Trojans burne the Horse, yet not terrifi'd.

Burne

Burne it; for in this wooden Horſe quoth ſhe,
The cunning *Grecians* here incloſed be.
Therefore if you doe not this horſe deſtroy,
It ſhall be the deſtruction of *Troy*.
Achilles rites of ſepulture did lack,
Till I brought him to *Theſis* on my back.
The *Grecians* did my labour ſo regard,
I had *Achilles* armour for reward.
Yet I have loſt all, for the ſea hath ſwallow'd
My Ships and all the company me follow'd.
Onely that conſtant love I owe to thee,
Continues with me in adverſity.
Scylla, and *Charibdis* could not caſt away
My love to thee, which ſtill doth with me ſtay.
Spight of *Antiphates* my love endur'd,
And though the cunning Syrens me allur'd.
And *Circe*, nor *Calypſo* could not charme me,
Thy love againſt their Sorceries did arme me.
Both promiſ'd that they could immortall make
Me, that I ſhould not feare the Stygian Lake.
For thy ſake I their offer did withſtand,
And have ſuffer'd ſo much by ſea, and land.
Perhaps when thou theſe womens names doſt finde
In my Letter, it will trouble thy minde.
And of *Circe* and *Calypſo* to heare,
Perhaps thou wilt be ſtruck into a feare.
When I in thy Letter *Anconus* red,
Polybus and *Medon*, they my feare bred.
Since thou ſo many youthfull Suiters haſt,
How could I thinke that thou remaineſt chaſte.
Could they delight in thy teare blubber'd face?
Do not thy teares thy beauty yet debace?
And it ſeemes thou haſt given conſent to marry,
But thy unthriving web doth make them tarry;

For that which thou haſt in the day time ſpun,
Thou unweav'ſt at night ſo 'tis never done.
Thy Art is good which doth ſucceſſefull prove,
To delude their purpoſe, delay their love.
O *Polyphemus!* I doe wiſh that I
Had dy'd in thy Cave free from miſery,
Would I had by the *Thracians* been ſlaine.
When my ſhips unto *Imaros* firſt came.
Would cruell *Pluto* then had ſatiſfi'd
His wrath on me I would that I had dy'd,
When I deſcended to the Stygian Lake,
From whence in ſafety I returned back.
For though in thy Letter no dread appeare,
I ſaw my mothers thin ghoſt walking there.
She told me how at home all matters be,
And to ſhun my imbraces thrice fled me.
I ſaw *Proteſilaus*, who fate contemning
With his death gave the *Trojan* wars beginning.
And his wife *Leodamia*, who did dye,
That ſhe might beare her husband company.
I ſaw *Agamemnon* whoſe wounds bleeding were,
So that the ſight made me let fall a teare.
Hee had no hurt at *Troy*, and alſo paſt
The *Eubæan* Promontory, yet at laſt
Having a thouſand wounds given him, he dies
Even then when he to *Iove* did ſacrifice.
Thus *Helena* the Grecians ruine bred,
While ſhe to *Troy* a ſtranger followed.
Beſides, what profit was it unto me
Caſſandra were captives and *Andromache*.
I could have choſen *Hecuba* for my wife.
Thinke not that with a whore I ſpend my life.
For I brought *Hecuba* aboard my ſhip,
But ſhe out of her former ſhape did ſlip.

For into a Bitch she was straight transformd;
And her complaints were into barking turnd.
Thetis grew angry at these Prodigies,
And enrag'd *Æolus* made a storme to rise;
So that with wind and waves our ships did strive,
Which tempests round about the world did drive.
But if *Tyresias* truly foretold me
A prosperous fate after adversity;
Having endur'd so much by land and sea,
I hope my fortunes will more kinder be.
Now *Pallas* doth protect us from all dangers,
And guides us in our journey amongst strangers.
Since *Troys* destruction I have *Pallas* seene
Of late, so that her anger spent doth seeme.
And whatsoever *Ajax* did commit,
The Grecians now are punished for it.
Nor was *Tydides* too excus'd from danger,
For hee like us about the world doth wander.
Nor *Teucer* that from *Telamon* first sprung,
Nor he that with a thousand ships did come.
Menelaus was happy for having got
His wife, he need feare no unhappy lot.
Though the winds or seas did your journey stay,
Your love was not hinderd by that delay.
The winds nor waves did not hinder your blisse,
But when you list you could embrace, and kisse.
And had I so enjoy'd thy company,
No evill chance could than betide to me.
But since *Telemachus* is well I heare,
My present troubles I more lightly beare.
I blame thy love in sending him to sea,
Through *Sparte*, and in *Pylon* to seeke me.
I needs must blame thy love in doing it,
While to the Sea thou didst my Sonne commit.

But fortune may at last yet prove my friend,
And all my troubles may have a faire end.
A Prophet told me, deere wife, we should meet,
And with imbraces should each other greet.
But I will come disguis'd, so to be knowne
Vnto no other but thy selfe alone.
In a beggars habit I'le disguised be,
Conceale thy joy, and knowledge then of me.
Ile shew no outward violence when I come.
For so *Apollos* Priest unto me sung.
But Ile revenge my selfe even at that time,
When thy wooers are banquetting with wine.
While beggars raiment doth *Vlysses* cover,
And then at last my selfe I will discover.
While at *Vlisses* they shall all admire,
That this day would come soone I do desire.
That we may both deere wife, renew our love,
And I to thee may a kind husband prove.

The

The Argument of Sabines second Epistle.

Demophoon in this Epistle endeavours by divers Arguments to excuse his unfaithfull neglect of returning to *Phyllis* according to his promise. Alleaging that his friends were offended with him for staying so long with her in *Thrace*, and also the inopportune unseasonableness of the weather for sailing, promising howsoever

at length to returne to *Phyllis*. Hee performed his promise, but *Phyllis* impatient of delay, had strangled her selfe before he came, and by the mercy of the gods was changed into a leafelesse Almond-tree: which *Demophoon* embracing, it put forth leaves as if it had beene sensible of his returne. Which is faind, because *Phylla* signifies in Greeke an *Almond-tree*, so expressing the name of *Phyllis*. Because when *Zephyrus* or the West wind bloweth from *Africa* into *Thrace*, this Tree flourisheth, for *Zephyrus* signifieth as much as ζωηφόρο that is, *The life-cherisher*: which gave occasion to this fiction, That *Phyllis* transformed into a Tree seemd to rejoyce, and flourish, at the returne of her Lover.

Demophoon to *Phyllis*.

FRom his owne Country to *Phyllis* his friend,
Demophoon doth this his Letter send.
Even thy *Demophoon* that doth still love thee.
My fortunes change, but not my constancy.
Theseus whose name thou hast no cause to feare,
Thy flames of love for his sake worthy were.
Mnestheus drove out of his royall state,
And the old Tyrant is now dead of late.
He that the *Amazons* had overcome,
And unto *Hercules* was companion.
He that did *Minos* son in law become,
When hee the *Minotaure* had overthrowne.
He did accuse me because I did stay,
Trifling so long with thee in *Thracia*.
For while the love of *Phyllis* did detaine thee,
And that a forraigne beauty did enflame thee.
Time with a nimble pace did slip away;
And sad accidents hapned by thy delay.
Which had been all prevented, hadst thou come,
Or hadst thou made them void, when they were done.
When thou didst *Phyllis* kingdome love, for thee
Then a whole kingdome was dearer to thee.

From

From *Athamas* I this ſame chiding have,
And old *Æthra* who's halfe within her grave.
Since *Theſeus* is not there to cloſe their eyes,
The fault on me for ſtaying with thee lyes.
I confeſſe they both to me often cry'd,
When my ſhip did in *Thracian* waters ride.
The winds ſtand faire *Demophoon* why doſt ſtay?
Goe home *Demophoon* without delay.
From thy beloved *Phyllis* example take,
She loves thee yet her home ſhe'd not forſake.
She deſires not to beare thee company,
But to returne againe entreateth thee.
I with a ſilent patience heard them chide,
But their deſire I in my thoughts deny'd,
I thought I could not imbrace thee enough,
And I was glad to ſee the Sea grow rough.
Before my father I will this confeſſe,
"He that loves worthily may it profeſſe:
For ſince ſuch ſtore of worth remaines in thee,
If I doe love thee, it no ſhame can be.
And I doe know that *Phyllis* cannot ſay,
I prov'd unkind, when I did ſaile away.
For when the day came that I muſt take ſhip,
I wept, and comforted thee who did'ſt weepe.
Thou did'ſt grant mee a ſhip of *Thracia*,
While *Phylli's* love made me the time delay.
Beſides my father *Theſeus* doth retaine
Ariadnes love, and cheriſhes that flame;
When hee lookes towards heaven many times,
See how my love (ſaith hee) in heaven ſhines.
Though *Bacchus* to forſake her did command him,
The world for forſaking her, hath blam'd him)
So am I perjur'd thought for my delay,
Though *Phyllis* know not the cauſe of my ſtay.

This may assure thee I will come againe,
Because my brest doth burne with no new flame,
Phyllis hath not report to thee made knowne,
What dismall troubles are sprung up at home.
Since for my fathers death I a mourner am,
Whose death includes more griefe then I can name.
My brother *Hyppolytus* deserves a teare,
Whom his owne horses did in peeces teare,
These fatall causes might excuse my stay,
Yet after a while I will come away.
I will but lay my Father in the grave,
For 'tis fit he should worthy buriall have.
Grant mee but time and I will constant be.
Thy Country yeelds most safety unto me.
To those that since the fall of *Troy* did wander
By Land and Sea, and pass'd through much danger.
Thrace hath been kind, and I unto this Land
By tempest drove, was kindly entertain'd.
If that thy love to me remaine the same,
Who in my royall Pallace now doe raigne.
And art not angry with my Parents fate,
Or with *Demophoon* most unfortunate,
Suppose that unto me thou' hadst been married
When at the Siege of *Troy* ten yeares I tarried.
Penelope through all the world is fam'd,
Because that she her chastity maintain'd.
For she with with witty Art, did alwaies weave
An unthriving web, suiters to deceive.
For she by night did it in peeces pull,
Resolving the untwisted threeds to woll.
Do'st feare the *Thracians* will not marry thee,
Or wilt thou marry any one but mee.
Hast thou a heart with any one to joyne
Thy hand? unlesse thy hand doe joyne with mine.

How

How wilt thou blush then, and how wilt thou grieve,
When a far off thou shalt my sailes perceive.
Thou wilt condemne thy selfe, and say alasse!
I see *Demophoon* most faithfull was.
Demophoon is returnd, and for my sake
A dangerous voyage hee by Sea did make.
I that for breach of faith him rashly blamed,
Have broke my faith, while I of him complained.
But *Phyllis* I had rather thou should'st marry,
Then that thou should'st some other way miscarry.
Why dost thou threaten thou wilt make away
Thy selfe? the gods may heare when thou do'st pray.
Though thou do'st blame me for inconstancy,
Adde not affliction to my misery.
Though *Theseus Ariadne* did forsake,
Where the wild beasts a prey of her might make;
Yet my desert hath not beene such, that I
Should be accused of inconstancy.
This Letter may the winds without all faile
Bring safe to thee, which us'd to drive my saile.
Perswade thy selfe I faine would come away,
But that I have just cause a while to stay.

The Argument of Sabines *third Epistle.*

This responsive Epistle written by *Paris* is not difficult, for the Argument is taken out of *Oenones* Epistle. *Paris* having violated the rites of mariage, by repudiating his wife, and marrying *Helena*, first confesses to *Oenone* the iniurie hee had done her. Afterward excusing himselfe, he transferreth the blame on *Cupid*, whose powers Lovers cannot resist, and on the fates who had destinated

Helen

Helena to him unknowne. But tis reported that *Oenone* did love *Paris* so deerly that he being brought to her wounded by *Philoctetes* with one of *Hercules* arrowes, she imbraced his body, and enbalming it with teares, dyed over him, and so they were both buried in *Cebrsa* a *Troian* Citie.

Paris to *Oenone*.

NYmph, I confesse that I fit words do want
To write an answer to thy just complaint.
I seeke for words, but yet I cannot find,
Words, that may aptly suite unto my mind,
I confesse against thee I have offended,
Yet *Hellens* love makes me I cannot mend it:
I'le condemne my selfe but what doth't ayaile
The power of love makes a bad cause prevaile:
For though thou should'st condemne me, and my cause,
Yet *Cupid* meanes to try me by his lawes:
And if by his lawes we will judged be,
It seemes another hath more right to me.
Thou wert my first love I confesse in truth,
And I marri'd thee in my flowre of youth.
Of my father *Priam* I was not proud,
As thou do'st write but unto thee I bow'd.
I did not thinke *Hector* should prove my brother,
When thee and I did keepe our flockes together.
I knew not my mother Queene *Hecube*
Whose Daughter thou most worthy art to be.
But love, I see, is not guided by reason,
Consider with thy selfe at this same season.
For thou complain'st that I have wronged thee,
And yet thou writest that thou lov'st me.
And though the *Satyres* and the *Fawnes* do move thee,
Yet thou remainest constant still unto me.

Be-

Beſides, this love is fatall unto me,
My Siſter *Caſſandra* did it foreſee;
Before that I had heard of *Hellens* name,
Whoſe beauty through all *Greece* was knowne by fame.
I have told all, unleſſe it be that wound
Of love which I have by her beauty found.
Nay thoſe wounds I will open, and from you
To gaine ſome helpe, I will both beg and ſue.
My life and death are both within thy hand,
You have conquer'd me, I'm your command.
Yet I remember that when you heard me,
Relate to you her diſmall propheſie.
While I did tell thee, thou did'ſt weep upon me,
Wiſhing the gods would turne that ſad fate from me.
That thou might'ſt have no cauſe to accuſe
When that *Oenone* doth *Paris* loſe.
Love blinded me, that I could not beleeve thee,
And loving thee doth make me now deceive thee.
Love powerfull is, and when he liſt can turne
Iove to a Bull, or to a Bird transforme.
Such beautie all the world ſhould not containe,
As *Hellen*, who is borne to be my flame.
Since *Iupiter* to diſguiſe his looſe ſcape
Did transforme himſelfe unto a Swans ſhape;
And *Iove* alſo deſcended from his Tower
To court faire *Danae* in a golden ſhowre.
Sometimes himſelfe he to an Eagle turn'd,
And ſometimes to a white Bull hath transform'd.
And who would thinke that *Hercules* would ſpin,
Yet love of *Deianira* compel'd him.
And he wore her light Petticoate, tis ſaid,
While his love with his Lions ſkin was clad.
So I remember love compelled thee
(The more's my fault) that thou preferredſt me

Before

Before *Apollos* love, and from him fled,
Becauſe thou would'ſt poſſeſſe my marriage bed.
Yet I excell'd not *Phœbus*, but the dart
Of Love did ſo inſore thy gentle heart.
Yet this may unto thee ſome comfort prove,
That ſhe is no baſe Harlot whom I love,
For ſhe whom I before thee do preſer
By birth is deſcended from *Iupiter*,
Yet her birth doth not inamour'd make me,
But tis her matchleſſe beauty that doth take me.
O my *Oenone* ! I do wiſh it ſtill,
I had not been on the *Idean* Hill
A judge of beauty, *Pallas* now doth grudge,
And *Iuno*, becauſe againſt them I did judge.
And becauſe I did lovely *Venus* praiſe,
And for her beauty gave to her the Bayes.
She that can raiſe loves flame up in another,
She that rules *Cupid*, and is his owne Mother.
Yet ſhe could not avoyd her owne *Sons* ſhaft
And *Bow*, wherewith he woundeth others oft
For Vulcan tooke faire *Venus* cloſe in bed
With *Mars*, which by the Gods was witneſſed.
And *Mars* againe ſhe afterward forſooke,
And for her *Paramour Anchiſes* tooke.
For with *Anchiſes* ſhe in love would be
And did revenge his ſloth in venerie.
If *Venus* thus did in affection rove.
Why may not ſhe make *Paris* change his love ?
Menelaus with her faire face was tooke,
I lov'd her, before on her I did look.
Though wars enſue, if I do her enjoy,
And a thouſand ſhips fetch her backe from *Troy*;
I do not feare, the war is juſt and right,
If all the world ſhould for her beautie fight.

Although

Although the armed *Grecians* ready be,
To fetch her backe, i'le keepe her here with me.
If thou hast any hope to change my mind,
To use thy charmes why art thou not inclin'd?
Since in *Apolles* Arts thou art well seene,
And to *Hecates* skill hast used beene.
Thou canst cloud the day, and stars shining cleare,
And make the Moone forsake her silver sph ere;
And by thy charmes, while I did Oxen keep,
Fierce Lyons gently walkt amongst the sheep.
Thou did'st make *Xanthus*, and *Simoeis* flowe
Vnto their springs, and back againe to goe.
And charm'st other Rivers, when thou did'st see,
They thirsted after thy Virginity.
Oenone, let thy charmes effectuall prove
To change my affection, or quench thy love.

FINIS.